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Hunterian Club

LXII.—Eighth Year.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL INDEX

TO THE WORKS OF

THOMAS LODGE

WITH

MEMOIR

PRINTED FOR THE HUNTERIAN CLUB

1887

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BIBLIOGRAPHICAL INDEX.

I. An Epitaph of the Lady Anne Lodge.

Nothing is known of this Epitaph except what is to be found in the following entry from the "Stationers' Regiſters" (Mr. ARBER'S *Tranſcript*, vol. ii., p. 363):—

"23. December [1579]

"Edward white.—Lycenced vnto him vnder the handes of the wardens *An epitaphe of the lady* ANNE LODGE by T LODGE iiij[d]"

II. [A Reply to Stephen Goſſon's Schoole of Abuſe in Defence of Poetry Muſick and Stage Plays by Thomas Lodge. 1580?] ſm. 8vo, 24 leaves.

Black letter. Has neither title nor imprint. Two perfect copies known: one in the library of Mr. S. Chriſtie-Miller at Britwell, and the other in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. It was reprinted by the *Shakeſpeare Society* in 1853.

III. AN Alarum againſt Vſurers. *Containing tryed experiences* againſt worldly abuſes. WHEREIN GENTLEMEN may finde good counſells to confirme them, and pleaſant Hiſtories to delight them: and euery thing ſo interlaced with varietie: as the curious may be ſa*tisfied*

with rareneſſe, and the curteous with pleaſure. Heereunto are annexed the delectable hiſtorie of *Forbonius* and *Priſceria:* with the lamentable Complaint of Truth ouer *England.* Written by *Thomas Lodge*, of *Lincolnes Inne*, Gentleman. *O Vita! miſero longa, fælici breuis.* ¶ Imprinted at London by T. Eſte, for Sampſon Clarke, and are to be ſold at his ſhop by Guyld Hall. 1584, 4to, 46 leaves.

Black letter. Two perfect copies known: one in Mr. S. Chriſtie-Miller's Library, and the other in the Bodleian Library. It is thus entered in the "Stationers' Regiſters" (Mr. ARBER'S *Tranſcript*, vol. ii., p. 428):—

"4to novembris [1583]

"Sampſon Clarke.—Licenced vnto him vnder th[e h]andes of the Bisshop of LONDON and maſter Newbery, *Tryed experiences of worldelie abuſes* by THOMAS LODGE . . vj^{d}/"

This tract was reprinted by the *Shakeſpeare Society* in 1853.

IV. SCILLAES Metamorphoſis: *Enterlaced* with the vnfortunate loue of *Glaucus*. *VVhereunto is annexed the delectable diſcourſe* of the diſcontented *Satyre*: with ſundrie other moſt abſolute Poems and Sonnets. *Contayning the detestable tyrannie of Diſ*daine, and Comicall triumph of Conſtancie: Verie fit for young Courtiers to peruſe, and coy Dames to remember. By *Thomas Lodge* of Lincolnes Inne, Gentleman. *O vita! miſero longa, fælici breuis.* Imprinted at London by *Richard Jhones*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop neere Holburne bridge, at the ſigne of the Roſe and Crowne.
1589, 4to, 24 leaves.

Black letter. Only one perfect copy known, that in the Dyce Collection, South Kensington Museum, London. The Bodleian copy is imperfect. This tract was re-issued in 1610, a copy of which edition was in the library of the late Mr. Frederic Ouvry, V.P.S.A., London. It was originally entered in the "Stationers' Registers" as follows (Mr. ARBER'S *Transcript*, vol. ii., p. 530):—

"22 Septembris [1589]

"Ric. Jones.—Entred for his copie *The history of GLAUCUS, and* T. LODGE *SYLLA*: vnder the hand of master HARTWELL and master Cawood . . . . . vj^d"

Mr. Collier, describing the re-issue of 1610, says:—

"This edition, with the title-page of 1610, is even more rare than the original impression; but the fact is that in 1610 all that was done was to give the work a new fore-front, leaving the text exactly as it stood in 1589, when it first came out. It was not reprinted, for in all other respects the impressions are identical—the same errors, the same faulty letters, and the same peculiarities of type. It is pretty clear that the copies dated 1589 did not sell, and that they subsequently came into the hands of a bookseller, who merely had a new title-page thrown off, and did not choose even to put his own name at the bottom of it. Considering the variety and excellence of the contents, and recollecting that 'By Thomas Lodge of Lincolnes Inne, Gentleman,' was placed upon the original title-page, as well as subscribed to the dedication, we cannot but wonder that it did not meet with a sale sufficient to exhaust the impression of 1589. Lodge never mentioned it in any of his many subsequent and popular works, nor was it ever noticed by his contemporaries; and we feel convinced that some peculiarity attended its publication in the first instance, and its re-appearance in 1610, which we are unable to explain."

After quoting the title-page of the edition of 1589, Mr. Collier continues:—

"Richard Jones, the Stationer, ſeems to have been a rare hand at an attractive deſcriptive title-page, and we are perſuaded that Lodge had nothing to do with the inſertion of ſuch words as 'delectable diſcourſe' and 'moſt abſolute poems and ſonnets.' One point, however, ſeems probable—that the 'puff' did not anſwer its purpoſe, and that, at the end of more than twenty years, ſo many copies remained on hand as to make a re-iſſue of them adviſable. We look in vain through the eight and forty pages for ſome explanation of this circumſtance, unleſs it be to be found in the dedication to 'Maſter Rafe Crane, and the reſt of his moſt entire well willers, the Gentlemen of the Innes of Court and Chauncerie,' where Lodge ſpeaks ambiguouſly of the mode in which his manuſcript had eſcaped from his hands to the preſs: there he calls what the title-page announces as '*abſolute Poems*,' 'imperfit poems,' and refers to 'the baſe neceſſity of an extravagant mate,' as having cauſed them to be made public by 'a needie pirate.' This is not ſaying much for Jones, the publiſher, and we know from Nicholas Breton that he was not a very fair-dealing tradesman."—(*Bibliographical Account*, 1865, vol. i., pp. 464-5.)

V. Roſalynde. Euphues golden legacie: found after his death *in his Cell at Si*lexedra. *Bequeathed to Philautus ſonnes* nourſed vp with their *father in* England. Fetched from the Canaries. *By T. L. Gent.* LONDON, Imprinted by *Thomas Orwin* for *T. G.* and *John Buſbie.* 1590, 4to, 70 leaves.

Black letter. Only one copy of the edition of 1590 is known to exiſt, and is in the library of Mr. S. Chriſtie-Miller, Britwell. It is, however, defective of Sheet R: this laſt has been ſupplied in the reprint from the ſecond edition

of 1592, and is diſtinguiſhed by being encloſed within ſquare brackets. Probably on account of the uſe made of it by Shakeſpeare, it went through at leaſt ten editions between 1590 and 1642. It was originally entered in the "Stationers' Regiſters" as follows (Mr. ARBER'S *Tranſcript*, vol. ii., p. 564):—

"6 Octobris [1590]

"Nicholas Lynge.—Entred for their copie vnder th[e h]andes
John Buſbye./ of Doctor STALLARD and the wardens
E[U]PHUES golden legacye found after his Deathe at his Cell at Selexidra . . vj[d]/"

VI. THE Famous, true and hiſtoricall life of *Robert* ſecond Duke *of* Normandy, *ſurnamed for* his monſtrous birth and behauiour, *Robin* the Diuell. *VVherein is contained his diſſolute life in his youth*, his deuout reconcilement and vertues in his age: Interlaced with many ſtraunge and miraculous aduentures. Wherein are both cauſes of profite, and manie conceits of pleaſure. By *T. L. G.* Imprinted at London for *N. L.* and *Iohn Buſbie*, and are to be ſold at the Weſt dore of Paules. 1591, 4to, 45 leaves.

Black letter. The only perfect copy known is in the library of Mr. S. Chriſtie-Miller, Britwell. Mr. Collier thus deſcribes it:—

"The dedication is to the 'true Mœcenas of learning M. Thomas Smith,' and it is dated 'from my chamber, 2 Maij, 1591:' in it Lodge apologiſes for his 'rude and homely written hiſtory,' and promiſes to inſcribe to Smith hereafter ſomething which ſhall better merit his patronage. His addreſs, 'to the courteous Reader,' contains a ſpecimen of his 'homely' writing, when Lodge tells

him that he has derived his materials from 'the old and ancient antiquaries,' and that he has publiſhed 'as much as he had read, and not ſo much as they had written.' Therefore, he did not profeſs to be fully and completely informed upon the ſubject, and his narrative, which is in proſe, contains proofs of various deficiencies, beſides intereſt. It is the dulleſt and dryeſt of Lodge's productions, and we might almoſt fancy that it was from an inferior pen. . . . The work is divided into ſeparate chapters, and the effort of the author to extend his matter to a ſaleable-ſized volume is obvious. A MS. note in Heber's copy ſtated that in Rawlinſon's Catalogue an edition of 1599 is mentioned: if ſo, we apprehend that it was merely a miſprint, and that 'Robin the Devil' was printed only once, and that in 1591. It bears ſtrong evidence of poverty of pocket, which occaſioned poverty of invention. Lodge's 'Roſalynd' of 1590 had procured him a certain degree of popularity, and in 1591 he might be anxious to avail himſelf of it, and therefore brought out two new works, both of inferior merit, 'Catharos' and 'Robin the Devil.'"—(*Bibliographical Account*, 1865, vol. i., p. 471.)

VII. CATHAROS. Diogenes in his *Singularitie.* Wherein is comprehended his merrie *baighting fit for all mens benefits: Christened by him,* A Nettle for Nice Noſes. By *T. L.* of Lincolns Inne, Gent: 1591. AT LONDON, Printed by *V Villiam Hoskins* & *Iohn Danter, for* Iohn Busbie. 4to, 33 leaves.

Black letter. Four copies known: one in the Britiſh Muſeum; another in the Bodleian; a third in Bridgewater-houſe; and the fourth in the library of the late Mr. Frederic Ouvry, V.P.S.A., London. This work is thus deſcribed by Mr. Collier:—

"This work is a proſe ſatire upon the vices of perſons of all ranks, and it is delivered by Diogenes from his tub in the preſence

of two perſons, called Philoplutos and Coſmoſophos, who viſit him principally to obſerve him 'in his ſingularity.' All that he ſays of Athens is applicable to London; and the thought was not a happy one, ſince it makes Diogenes guilty of very abſurd anachroniſms: beſides citing Cicero and Virgil, he quotes freely from the New Teſtament, refers to the proceedings of the Council of Nice, and even introduces three ſtanzas from Arioſto, which Diogenes thus excuſes himſelf from rendering:—'I had rather ſome other ſhould take the paynes to tranſlate theſe verſes into our mother tongue, than my ſelfe; for now a dayes the world ſwarmeth with ſuch a number of privie Ariſtarchi, that thinke no meate can be good that is not ſod in their owne broath, nor proverbe well applyed that hath not paſt their pen.' This of courſe refers to the critical ſpirit that prevailed in England at the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth: Sir John Harington publiſhed his verſion of the 'Orlando Furioſo' in 1591. Lodge's 'Catharos' reminds us, in ſome important reſpects, of Sir T. Elyot's 'Paſquil the Plain.'" —(*Bibliographical Account*, 1865, vol. i., p. 470.)

VIII. *EVPHVES SHADOW*, THE Battaile of the Sences. Wherein youthfull folly is ſet downe in his right figure, and vaine fancies are prooued *to produce many offences.* Hereunto is annexed the Deafe mans Dialogue, contayning Philamis Athanatos: *fit for all ſortes to peruſe, and the better ſorte to* practiſe. By T. L. *Gent.* LONDON Printed by Abell Ieffes, for Iohn Busbie, and are to be ſould at his ſhop in Paules Churchyard, neere to the Weſt doore of Paules. 1592, 4to, 52 leaves.

Black letter. Three copies known: one in the Peterborough Cathedral Library; another in the Britiſh Muſeum; and the third in the Capell Collection, Trinity College, Cambridge. It is thus entered in the "Stationers' Regiſters" (Mr. ARBER'S *Tranſcript*, vol. ii., p. 604):—

"xvij° ffebruarij [1592]

"Nicholas Lynge.—Entred for their copie vnder th[e h]andes
John Buſbye./ of maſter HARTWELL and maſter Watkins/
EUPHUES Shadowe./ with *the Deathe mans*
Dialogue annexed . . . . . vj[d]"

The work is thus deſcribed by Mr. Collier:—

"In his dedication to Viſcount Fitzwaters, Greene tells his patron that Lodge had left this tract behind him for publication; and ſuch may have been the fact; but he at the ſame time informs the 'Gentlemen Readers' that he had already 'put forth ſo many of his own labours' that they might be weary of his name: this ſtatement tends to confirm the notion that he reſorted to the expedient of palming 'Euphues Shadow' upon Lodge, who was abſent, and could not contradict him; and who, if he had been then actually reſident in England, would not have had much reaſon to complain that ſo popular an author as Robert Greene had paid him the compliment. Until ſome further evidence is produced, . . . it muſt remain undecided whether the tract be by one or by the other. Greene was determined that his inſtrumentality in the matter, whatever his ſhare may have been, ſhould not be imputed to any other perſon, and therefore ſubſcribed the dedication with the addition of the county from which he was known to have come—'Rob. Greene *Norfolcienſis.*' In the year of the appearance of the tract under conſideration, Greene ſaid of himſelf, 'I neede not make long diſcourſe of my parentes, who for their gravitie and honeſt life is well knowne and eſteemed amongſt their neighbors, namely in the Cittie of Norwich, where I was bred and borne.' . . . He profeſſed to Lord Fitzwaters that Lodge, 'in his laſt letters,' had enjoined him to print 'Euphues Shadow;' but it is more than doubtful whether Lodge did write, or could have written, to Greene in the interval ſince his ſailing with Cavendiſh, and the whole affair reads more like a pretext than a reality. However, in our day it is a matter of little conſequence, and

certain it is that there is nothing in the production itself that ſhould have made Lodge very anxious to own it. On the other hand, if the publication were a failure, Greene by this expedient had avoided all reſponſibility; and the more poſitive he repreſented Lodge in his directions to have 'Euphues Shadow' printed, the more Greene ſhifted any weight from his own ſhoulders.

"After the addreſs 'To the Gentlemen Readers,' the ſtory, ſuch as it is, commences, but the few and common-place incidents are not worth detailing; and the language, we feel aſſured, was the language of Greene, with preciſely his thoughts, his images, and his modes of expreſſion. The ſort of epiſtle from 'Philautus to his ſonnes living at the Court,' with which the piece commences, is exactly like Greene's compoſition, and it ſerves to introduce certainly one of the dulleſt performances of the period: as if Greene, having written it, was unwilling to avow it, while his neceſſities drove him to the ſale of it, not under his own name, but under that of a poet with whom he was known to have been acquainted."—(*Biblio. Account*, vol. i., p. 264.)

IX. THE Life and Death of william Long beard, the moſt famous and witty Engliſh Traitor, borne in the Citty of London. Accompanied with manye other *moſt pleaſant and prettie hiſtories, By T.* L. of Lincolns Inne, Gent. *Et nugæ ſeria ducunt.* Printed at London by Rychard Yardley and Peter *Short, dwelling on Bread-ſtreat hill, at the* Signe of the Starre.

1593, 4to, 36 leaves.

Black letter. Two copies only are known to exiſt: one in the Bodleian Library, and the other was in the poſſeſſion of the late Mr. Frederic Ouvry, V.P.S.A., London. Theſe two copies differ from each other very materially. The one in the Bodleian wants the Latin legend in the title-page, as well as the leaf containing the dedication to Sir William Web,

and the addreſs "To the Gentlemen Readers:" Mr. Ouvry's copy has all that is wanting in the former, and is conſequently *unique*. On comparing the title-pages it was found that they were almoſt but not quite identical in type and ſpacing; and Mr. Collier ſuggeſts that Mr. Ouvry's copy was the later of the two, and that Lodge added the Latin motto as a kind of apology for the ſlightneſs of the work. "The want of the ſecond leaf in the Bodleian copy is a capital defect: the addreſs 'To the Gentlemen Readers' is the moſt characteriſtic feature of the book, as proteſting againſt the Euphuiſtic jargon which was then in faſhion." Mr. Collier thus deſcribes the work:—

"Here again we apprehend that Lodge was inſpired more by poverty than by poetry: ſtill, it is a conſiderable improvement upon the work laſt reviewed ["The famous true and hiſtoricall life of Robert ſecond Duke of Normandy."] . . . . There was an interval of two years between it and 'Robin the Devil,' and Lodge does not appear to have been then preſſed quite ſo ſeverely by his neceſſities: nevertheleſs, there are in it many marks of haſte, want of materials, and a determination to make the moſt of ſuch as he could obtain. The account of 'William Longbeard' was mainly derived from the Chroniclers, and in Stow's *Annales* they are found under the date of A.D. 1196. . . . . Lodge did not ſcruple to mix fiction with facts, in order to render his work acceptable, and various poems are interſperſed, moſt of which are ſuppoſed to be addreſſed by Longbeard to 'his faire lemman Maudeline.' Some of theſe appear to be original, ſome are avowedly imitated from the French, and others are acknowledged tranſlations from the Italian, but without the names of the authors. The original poems are not very original, and the imitations are ſometimes far from happy. . . . . 'The Life and Death of William Longbeard' fills nearly thirty-six pages; and then follow the 'manye other moſt pleaſant and prettie

hiſtories' announced on the title-page, beginning with an account of 'famous pirats who in times paſt were Lordes of the ſea:' theſe are Dionides, Stilcon, Cleonides, Chipanda, Millia, and Alcomonius among the ancients, and Francis Enterolles and Monaldo Guecca among the moderns; but Bargulus, 'the ſtrong Illyrian pirate' of Shakeſpeare (2 Henry VI., ac. iv., ſc. 1) is not mentioned, either by that name, or *Abradas*, or *Apradas*, as it is given in the old play of 'the Contention,' 1594, in R. Greene's 'Menaphon,' 1587, and his 'Penelope's Web,' printed about 1588.

"Lodge's wiſh here was to increaſe the bulk of his tract, and as the materials already employed were ſcanty, he added other matters, ſuch as 'the hiſtorie of Partaritus, King of Lombardie'—'the wonderfull dreame of Aſpatia'—'a wonderfull revenge of Megollo'—'the memorable deeds of Valaſca'—'an excellent example of continence in Frauncis Sforza'—'of many learned men, ancient and moderne, who violently and infortunatelie ended their daies'—'how King Roderigo loſt his kingdome'—'of manie famous men, whoe, leaving the government of the Commonweale, gave themſelves over to private life'—'a moſt ſubtile diſpute amongſt Ambaſſadors'—and finally, 'the ſtrange Lawes of Tyrſus the Tyrant,' which rather baldly ends the publication."—(*Biblio. Account*, vol. i., p. 472.)

"The Life and Death of William Longbeard" was included by Mr. Collier as one of his *Green Series* of Reprints (1864-66).

X. *PHILLIS*: Honoured with Paſtorall Sonnets, Elegies, and amo*rous delights*. VVhere-vnto is annexed, the tragicall complaynt of *Elstred*. *Iam Phœbus diſiungit equos, iam Cinthia iungit.* At London, Printed for Iohn Busbie, and are to be ſold at his ſhoppe, at the Weſt-doore *of Paules*. 1593, 4to, 42 leaves.

Roman letter. Three perfect copies known: one in the poſſeſſion of Mr. S. Chriſtie-Miller, Britwell; another in the

Drummond Collection, Edinburgh University Library; while a third was in the poſſeſſion of the late Rev. Thomas Corſer, Stand Rectory, Mancheſter. An imperfect copy is in the Capell Collection, Trinity College, Cambridge. Of the Britwell copy, Mr. David Laing thus writes (Introduction to Lodge's "Defence of Poetry," &c., *Shakeſpeare Society*, 1853, p. lxx):—

"The Britwell copy, formerly Mr. Heber's, has a curious variation in a duplicate leaf, B 1, or 'The Induction.' In the third verſe, the lines, as firſt printed—

> 'And thou, the Aſcrean Poet of our time,
> Vnder whoſe ſtile conceit was neuer matched,
> The Genius of my muſe,' &c.—

were changed as follows:—

> 'And thou, the true Octauia of our time,
> Vnder whoſe worth, beauty was neuer matched;
> The Genius of my Muſe,' &c.

In like manner, the laſt lines of the fourth verſe—

> 'Yet theſe, I hope, vnder your kinde aſpect,
> (Thow flower of knight-hood) ſhall eſcape neglect'—

were thus altered—

> 'Yet theſe, (I hope) vnder your kind aſpect,
> (Moſt worthy Lady) ſhall eſcape neglect.'

This evidently ſuggeſts that the poems, before publication, were intended to have been dedicated to ſome perſon of diſtinction, referred to in the ſeventh verſe—

> 'Under a great Mecenas I have paſt you;'

and that a proſe dedication, as well as this leaf of induction, may have been cancelled, and replaced with that to Lady Shrewſbury."

Mr. Collier thus deſcribes the book:—

"Although this work has been mentioned by nearly all bibliographers and biographers, not one of them has produced a ſpecimen from it, nor offered any ſuch criticiſm as would enable readers to form a judgment of its merits. It is by Thomas Lodge, and is in ſome reſpects an imitation of Daniel's 'Delia,' which had come out in the year before, and was twice printed in 1592. Lodge's work had not the ſame degree of popularity, for it was never reprinted, although, in conſequence of its excellence, quotations were made from it in poetical miſcellanies of the time. . . . . Lodge's chief merit is as a lyric poet: his heroics are generally heavy and dull, but many of his ſonnets, eclogues and elegies are written with playfulneſs, grace, and vigour. . . . . 'The Complaint of Elſtred' was evidently introduced by Lodge at the end of his 'Phillis,' 1593, becauſe Daniel had introduced 'The Complaint of Roſamond' at the end of his 'Delia,' 1592. Elſtred narrates the ſtory of Locrine, which came out in a dramatic form in 1594, was printed in 1595, and has been falſely imputed to Shakeſpeare, when, in fact, it belongs to Charles Tylney, the brother of the Maſter of the Revels. The cataſtrophe of Lodge's poem is the drowning of Elſtred and her daughter Sabrina by the jealous Guendolin, but it is in every reſpect inferior to Daniel's 'Roſamond,' and in a different form of ſtanza—ſix lines inſtead of ſeven. . . . . His [Lodge's] 'Elſtred' we conſider an undoubted failure."—(*Bibliographical Account*, 1865, vol. i., p. 467.)

XI. A Spiders Webbe. 1594.

This piece is not now known to be in exiſtence. It is thus entered in the "Stationers' Regiſters" (Mr. ARBER'S *Tranſcript*, vol. ii., p. 652):—

"7° die Iunij./ [1594]

"Nicholas Linge./.—Entred for his Copie vnder th[e h]ande of Maſter Cawood a booke entituled *a ſpiders webbe* . vj^{d}"

In the ſale of the library of "Mr. John Hutton, late of St. Paul's Church-yard, London," in 1764, a copy of this work, bound up in one volume with ſeveral others by Lodge, was ſold for the ſum of ſix ſhillings (ſee Mr. David Laing's Introduction *ut ſupra*, p. lxxvi.).

XII. THE VVOVNDS of Ciuill VVar. Liuely ſet forth in the true Tragedies of *Marius and Scilla*. As it hath beene publiquely plaide in London, by the Right Honourable the Lord high Admirall his Seruants. VVritten by *Thomas Lodge* Gent. *O Vita! miſere longa, fælici breuis.* LONDON, Printed by Iohn Danter, and are to be ſold at the ſigne of the Sunne in Paules Church-yarde. 1594, 4to, 39 leaves.

Roman letter. Several copies of this play are in exiſtence, viz., in the Bodleian Library; Britiſh Muſeum (2 copies); Mr. S. Chriſtie-Miller, Britwell; Mr. Frederic Ouvry, V.P.S.A., London; and in the Dyce Collection, South Kenſington Muſeum. It is thus entered in the "Stationers' Regiſters" (Mr. ARBER'S *Tranſcript*, vol. ii., p. 650):—

"xxiiij^to^ Die maij [1594]

John Danter./—Entred for his Copie vnder th[e h]and of Maſter Cawood a booke intituled *the woundes of Civill warre liuely ſett forthe in the true Tragedies of MARIUS and SCILLA* . . . . . vj^d^ C."

It was reprinted in Dodſley's Collection of *Old Plays*, 1825, vol. viii.; and again in the fourth edition of the ſame collection in 1876, vol. vii.

Mr. Collier remarks in his Notes to the reprint of the Play in 1825:—

"In courſe of the incidents of this hiſtorical Tragedy, Lodge has very much followed the lives of Marius and Sylla, as given by Plutarch: he was a ſcholar, and it was not neceſſary therefore for him to reſort to Sir Thomas North's tranſlation from the French, of which Shakeſpeare availed himſelf, and of which there were many editions ſubſequent to its firſt appearance in 1579. It is pretty evident, however, from a compariſon of a few paſſages quoted in the notes in the progreſs of the play, that Lodge did employ this popular work, although he has varied ſome of the events, and eſpecially the death of Sylla. It is not, perhaps, poſſible now to ſettle the point when this Tragedy was firſt repreſented on the ſtage, but it was moſt likely ſome time before its publication in 1594. We know that Lodge had written in defence of the ſtage before 1582, and it is not unlikely that he did ſo becauſe he had already written for it. . . . . The verſification of *The Wounds of Civill War*, certainly affords evidence that it was penned even before Marlowe had improved the meaſure of dramatic blank verſe, which Shakeſpeare perfected: it is heavy, monotonous, and without the pauſes ſubſequently introduced; if therefore Lodge produced it after Marlowe's *Edward II.* was brought out, he did not at leaſt profit by the example. All the unities are ſet at defiance."

XIII. A fig for Momus: *Containing* Pleaſant varietie, included in Satyres, *Eclogues, and Epiſtles, by T. L. of Lincolnes Inne Gent.* Che pecora ſi fa, il lupo ſelo mangia. AT LONDON Printed for Clement Knight, and are to bee ſolde at his ſhop at the little Northdoore of Paules Church. 1595, 4to, 35 leaves.

Roman letter. Two copies are known to be in exiſtence: one in the Bodleian Library, and the other in the poſſeſſion of Mr. S. Chriſtie-Miller, Britwell. It is thus entered in

the "Stationers' Regiſters" (Mr. ARBER'S *Tranſcript*, vol. ii., p. 295):—

"Secundo die Aprilis [1595]

"CLEMENT KNIGHT — Entred for his copie vnder the wardens handes a booke intituled/ *A figge for Momus*/ . . vj[d]"

After referring to the Auchinleck reprint, publiſhed in 1817, of this tract, Mr. Collier goes on to ſay:—

"The original is, perhaps, the moſt common of Lodge's many productions; but the Satires, Eclogues, and Epiſtles contain many intereſting temporary alluſions, and one piece is eſpecially addreſſed to Spenſer and another to Drayton, both by their poetical names of Colin and Rowland. This work, as we have elſewhere remarked [*Biblio. Account*, vol. i., p. 357], gives Lodge priority to Hall as an Engliſh ſatiriſt."—(*Bibliographical Account*, 1865, vol. i., p. 476.)

XIV. THE DIVEL coniured. LONDON Printed by Adam Iſlip for William Mats, dwelling in Fleetſtreet at the ſign of the Hand and Plough. *Anno* 1596.
4to, 45 leaves.

Black letter. Four copies known to exiſt: one in the Britiſh Muſeum; another in the Bodleian; a third in the poſſeſſion of Mr. S. Chriſtie-Miller, Britwell; and the fourth in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Alexander Young, Glaſgow.

XV. *A Margarite of America. By T. Lodge.* Printed for *Iohn Busbie*, and are to be *ſold in S. Dunstons churchyard in* Fleet-ſtreet, at the little ſhop *next Cliffords Inne.* 1596, 4to, 47 leaves.

Black letter. Three copies known: two in the Britiſh Muſeum, and one in the Bodleian.

Prosopopeia

THE TEARES OF THE HOLY, BLESSED, AND SANCtified *Marie*, the Mother of GOD.

LVKE 2:

And moreouer, the fwoord ſhall pearce thy ſoule, that the thoughts of many hearts may be opened.

LONDON,
Printed for Edward White, and are to be ſold at the litle North doore of Paules. 1596.

17

XVI. *Proſopopeia* CONTAINING THE TEARES OF THE holy, bleſſed, and ſanctified MARIE, the Mother of GOD. *Lvke 2. And moreouer, the ſwoord ſhall pearce thy ſoule, that the thoughts of many hearts may be opened.* LONDON. *Printed for E. White.* 1596, 8vo, 63 leaves.

Roman letter. Three copies known: one in the Archiepiſcopal Library, Lambeth; another in the Drummond Collection, Edinburgh Univerſity; and a third in the Bodleian Library. The copy from which the preſent reprint has been made is the Lambeth one; and beſides the remarkable difference in the initials attached to the dedication to the Counteſſes of Derby and Cumberland, the title-page differs from the other two copies. A typographical facſimile of the Drummond and Bodleian title-page is given on the preceding page for the ſake of compariſon.

This tract was firſt aſcribed to Lodge by Mr. Collier in a communication to the "Shakeſpeare Society" (*Shakes. Soc. Papers*, vol. ii., p. 156); and, again, in his *Bibliographical Account*, 1865 (vol. i., p. 476). The following extract is taken from the latter work:—

"The initials of the author, T. L., are appended to the dedication, and we have little doubt that they belong to Thomas Lodge. It is ſtated that there exiſts one other exemplar of this production, and that the initials are there reverſed: this may be ſo, though we apprehend it is a miſtake; but authors who were frequently before the public did it ſometimes, for the ſake of variety, or concealment.

"The fact no doubt is, that Lodge from this date, 1596, completely altered the character of his productions: he wrote no more upon light, trivial or profane ſubjects, ſuch as his ſatires, novels or plays, but devoted himſelf to ſcience as a Phyſician, and he bade farewell to his looſer compoſitions in the work before us. There-

fore it is that he tells the Reader, in a prefixed Epiſtle, 'Some, I know, will condemn me, and that juſtly, for a Galba (who begat foul children by night, and made fayre pictures by daie); to whom I anſwere, that I paint fair things in the light of my meditation, who begot the foule forepaſſed progenie of my thoughts in the night of mine error.'

"Surely nothing can be plainer; and we are to recollect that Naſh, the friend and companion of Lodge, had purſued the very ſame courſe, and in his 'Chriſt's Tears over Jeruſalem,' publiſhed in 1593 and again in 1594, had taken leave of his earlier efforts, though he was afterwards compelled to return to them. We are therefore well ſatisfied, that T. L., ſubſcribed to the dedication of 'Proſopopeia' to the Counteſs of Derby, were intended for the initials of Thomas Lodge, and that to him, and to him only, the work belongs.

"Excepting that it is the production of a diſtinguiſhed play-poet, there is little in it to attract attention: it is not written with much eloquence or freedom, and the beſt ſentences have a conſtraint about them, without leaving the impreſſion of ſincere piety and remorſe. . . . .

"We cannot conclude without quoting the only alluſion in the volume to his contemporaries—viz., to Robert Southwell and Nicholas Breton: he ſays, 'For other have wept (as Peter his apoſtaſie, Marie her loſſe and miſſe of Chriſt) their teares wrought from them either for repent or love. But theſe teares of Marie the bleſſed are not onely ratified by a motherlie compaſſion, a working charitie, and unſtayned love, but a manifeſt propheſie.'

"The only reaſonable objection we feel to aſſigning 'Proſopopeia' to Lodge is that it really is not good enough for him; but when Naſh wrote his 'Chriſts Teares,' he alſo fell below the level of his natural genius. He ſhowed in his renewed attack upon Harvey in his 'Have with you,' &c., 1596, the true ſuperiority of his powers; but Lodge, having in 1596 once relinquiſhed his poſition as a poet, never ſeems to have wiſhed to recover it. Naſh was driven to it by Gabriel Harvey's refuſal of the amends offered."

On the foregoing concluſion of Mr. Collier's, Mr. David Laing makes the following obſervations (Introduction to "The Defence of Poetry, Muſic and Stage-Plays," &c., *Shakes. Soc.*, 1853, p. xlv.):—

"Beſides theſe tracts of 1596, Mr. Collier has aſſigned to Lodge another printed in the ſame year, conſidering it to be a Palinode, or recantation by the author of his previous writings, as 'the foule forepaſſed progenie of my thoughts, in the night of mine error,' and to have been ſuggeſted by, and written in imitation of Naſh's 'Chriſt's Teares over Jeruſalem.' It bears this title: 'Proſopopeia, containing the Teares of the holy, bleſſed, and ſanctified Marie, the Mother of God,' and is dedicated 'To the Right noble, the Mother Counteſſe, Counteſſe of Darby, and the vertuous and devout Counteſſe of Cumberland.' I have not included it in the liſt of Lodge's works, being perſuaded that it ought to be aſcribed to ſome other author. Except in the dedication, there is no reſemblance to Lodge's ſtyle; and, if he could have written theſe words—'Now at laſt, after I have wounded the world with too much ſurfeit of vanitie, I maye bee by the true Helizeus, cleanſed from the leproſie of my lewd lines, and beeing waſhed in the Jordan of grace, imploy my labour to the comfort of the faithfull'—it would at leaſt have ſhown little of a repentant ſpirit, to have produced within a few months his 'Diſcovery of the Devils Incarnate of this Age.' But beſides this, if the copy deſcribed by Mr. Collier has the initials T. L., others, both to the Dedication and the Addreſs to the Reader, have (and poſſibly more correctly) L. T. If one conjecture, therefore, may be allowed to take the place of another, it may be ſuggeſted, that this tract ſhould rather be attributed to Laurence Twyne, gentleman, one of a literary family, who, in 1576, 'gathered into Engliſh' 'The Patterne of painefull Adventures,' or the Hiſtory of Apollonius, Prince of Tyre, from which Shakeſpeare derived many of the incidents in his 'Pericles.' Anthony Wood ſays, of John Twyne, who died in 1581, that his eldeſt ſon 'was Lawrence Twyne, who was fellow of All Souls

College, and Bachelor of the Civil Law, an ingenious poet of his time, as ſeveral copies of verſes ſet before books, written in commendation of their reſpective authors, do ſufficiently atteſt. He was a married man, lived at Hardacre, in Kent, and left iſſue behind him, at his death, ſeveral children.'"

Mr. Collier again in "Additions, Notes, and Corrections" to his *Biblio. Account* (vol. i., p. xxiii.), makes the following remarks on Mr. Laing's ſtatement:—

"Mr. D. Laing of Edinburgh, an excellent judge, and a very learned literary antiquary, has given it as his opinion that L. T. (as the letters ſeem placed in a copy he had ſeen, but which we have not) are the initials of Laurence Twyne, the tranſlator of the novel of 'Apollonius of Tyre,' on which 'Pericles' is founded. Mr. Laing, however, fails to ſhow in what way the repentant ſpirit diſplayed in 'Proſopopeia' was called for in the caſe of Twyne, whereas, in the caſe of Lodge, it is obvious, after the life he had led up to 1596. When we ſay that L. T., inſtead of T. L., is a miſtake, we mean, of courſe, that it was an error on the part of the old printer."

It might be ſuggeſted here, in ſupport of Mr. Collier's very probable aſcription, that "Proſopopeia" is a work very likely to have come from the pen of a Roman Catholic, and there is now the beſt ground for holding that Lodge was of that communion.

XVII. VVITS MISERIE, and the VVorlds Madneſſe: *Diſcouering the Deuils Incarnat of this Age.* LONDON, Printed by *Adam Iſlip*, and are to be ſold by *Cuthbert Burby*, at his ſhop by the Roiall-Exchange.
1596, 4to, 59 leaves.

Black letter. Three copies known: two in the Bodleian Library, and one in the poſſeſſion of Mr. S. Chriſtie-Miller,

Britwell. "One of theſe copies," ſays Mr. Laing, "exhibits a curious typographical miſtake in the firſt line of the title, having WILS MISERIE, in place of WITS MISERIE."

XVIII. A LOOKING Glaſſe, for London and Englande. Made by Thomas Lodge Gentleman, and *Robert Greene. In Artibus Magister.* LONDON Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be ſolde by William Barley, at his ſhop in Gratious ſtreete.

1598, 4to, 35 leaves.

Black letter. Only one copy of the firſt edition of 1594 is known to exiſt, and is in the poſſeſſion of his Grace the Duke of Devonſhire. His Grace was kind enough to ſay that but for the accidental miſplacement of the volume he would have been glad to lend it for reproduction. In theſe circumſtances, the ſecond edition of 1598 was reſorted to. Several copies are known to exiſt, two of which are in the Bodleian Library. It was entered in the "Stationers' Regiſters" as follows (Mr. ARBER'S *Tranſcript*, vol. ii., p. 645):—

"5 Marcij [1594]

"Thomas Creede.—Entred for his copie vnder the wardens, handes / a booke intituled *the lookinge glasse for London*/ by THOMAS LODG[E] and ROBERT GREENE gent . . vj^{d}"

It has been reprinted by the Rev. Mr. Dyce in his various editions of the Dramatic Works of Robert Greene.

XIX. THE FAMOVS AND MEMORABLE WORKES OF IOSEPHVS, A MAN OF MVCH HONOVR AND LEARNING AMONG THE IEWES. Faithfully tranſlated out of the

Latin, and French, by *Tho. Lodge* Doctor in Phyſicke. Bernardus Epiſtola ad Suggerium. *Tunc retentia incundius bona clareſcunt, cum fuerint malis comparata prioribus.* Printed at the charges of *G. Biſhop, S. Waterſon, P. Short,* and *Tho. Adams.* 1602, folio.

Roman letter. The Dedications, &c., by Lodge will be found printed in the Miſcellaneous Pieces: the tranſlation itſelf has not been reproduced. It was ſeveral times reprinted during the ſeventeenth century.

XX. A TREATISE of the Plague: Containing the nature, ſignes, and accidents of the ſame, with the certaine and abſolute cure of the Feuers, Botches and Carbuncles that raigne in theſe times: And aboue all things moſt ſingular Experiments and preſeruatiues in the ſame, gathered by the obſeruation of diuers worthy Trauailers, and ſelected out of the writings of the beſt learned Phiſitians in this age. *By Thomas Lodge, Doctor in Phiſicke.* LONDON Printed for Edward White and N. L. 1603, 4to, 43 leaves.

Roman letter. Several copies known: one in the Britiſh Muſeum, &c.

XXI. THE WORKES *both Morrall and Natural of* LVCIVS ANNÆVS SENECA. *Tranſlated by T. Lodge D: of Phis:* London Printed by William Stansby. Folio.

Such is the title on the centre of an emblematical page repreſenting *Morientis Effigies, Ingr. by W. Hole,* followed

by a printed title-page: "THE WORKES OF LVCIUS ANNÆVS SENECA, Both Morrall and Naturall. CONTAINING,

1. *His Bookes of Benefites.*
2. *His Epiſtles.*
3. *His Booke of Prouidence.*
4. *Three Bookes of Anger.*
5. *Two Bookes of Clemencie.*
6. *His Booke of a Bleſſed Life.*
7. *His Booke of the Tranquilitie of the minde.*
8. *His Booke of the Conſtancie of a Wiſeman.*
9. *His Booke of the Shortneſſe of Life.*
10. *Two Bookes of Conſolation to* MARTIA.
11. *Three Bookes of Conſolation to* HELVIA.
12. *His Booke of Conſolation to* POLIBIVS.
13. *His ſeuen Bookes of Naturall Queſtions.*

Tranſlated by THO. LODGE, *D. in Phyſicke.* LONDON Printed by *William Stansby.* 1614." The title-page to "The Epiſtles" on page 161 gives the date as 1613, thus: "*LONDON* Printed by *William Stansby.* 1613."

"At an interval of ſix years," ſays Mr. Laing, "this tranſlation was republiſhed, with an emblematical engraved title-page—'R. E., [Elſtrack] ſc.'—the deſign is quite diſtinct from the former, and in the centre, 'THE WORKES OF LVCIVS ANNÆVS SENECA Newly Inlarged and Corrected by Thomas Lodge D.M.P. LONDON *Printed by Willi: Stansby.* [Colophon.] LONDON, Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY, dwelling in Thames-ſtreete, by *Pauls*-vvharfe next to S^t^. *Peters* Church. 1620."

XXII. A LEARNED SUMMARY Upon the famous *POEME of William of Saluſte Lorde of Bartas. Wherin are diſcovered all the excellent ſecretts in Metaphyſicall, Phyſicall, Morall, and Historicall knowledge. Fitt for*

the learned to refreſh theire memories, and for younger ſtudents to abreviat and further theire ſtudies: Wherin nature is diſcovered, art diſcloſed, and hiſtory layd open. Tranſlated out of French, by T.L.D.M.P. LONDON *Printed for Iohn Griſmand And are to be ſould at his ſhoppe in Paules alley at the ſigne of the Gunne. Anno 1621.*

Roman letter. The Dedication, &c., by Lodge will be found reprinted with the Miſcellaneous Pieces.

The exiſtence of this tranſlation—unknown to the late Mr. David Laing—was diſcovered from the following entry in the "Stationers' Regiſters" (Mr. ARBER'S *Tranſcript*, vol. iv., p. 42):—

"8°. Nouembris. 1620

"John Griſman Entred for his copie vnder the handes of maſter TAUERNOR, and maſter Lownes warden, A booke called *A Comentary vpon* DU BARTAS, tranſlated out of Ffrench by Doctor. LODGE . . . . . vj^{d}"

Copies of this firſt edition are in the Britiſh Muſeum, Bodleian Library, &c. It was reprinted in 1637, by another publiſher, viz., Andrew Crooke. A copy of this edition is in the London Library.

XXIII. THE POORE MANS TALENTT.

[1623?] 43 leaves.

Now printed from manuſcript for the firſt time. It is principally in the handwriting of Lodge: ſeventeen leaves at the beginning appear to have been written in another hand, with corrections here and there by the author. It

was purchaſed by Mr. J. Payne Collier at the ſale of the books of the Duke of Norfolk, who died December 16th, 1815.

The Lady Anne Counteſs of Arundel, to whom "The Poore Mans Talentt" was dedicated—a facſimile of the dedicatory epiſtle in the author's autograph will be found inſerted in the preſent publication—was ſiſter and coheir of Thomas Lord Dacres, and was born on March 31ſt, 1557. She was married at an early age to Philip Earl of Arundel, who died in the Tower on October 19th, 1595. In 1857 the late Duke of Norfolk publiſhed from a manuſcript in his poſſeſſion a contemporary biography of herſelf and her huſband, entitled "The Lives of Philip Howard Earl of Arundel, and of Anne Dacres his wife," written by one who lived with her cloſe upon fourteen years. After the death of her huſband, her time was divided between her devotions and acts of charity. From ſeveral paſſages in this biography ſhe appears to have had conſiderable ſkill in the healing art. For example:—"Another kind of almes beſides all theſe ſhe practiſ'd very much, conſiſting in medicines, ſalves, plaſters, and other remedies to all kind of people who either wanting will, or means to go to Doctors and Chirurgeons, came to her for the cureing of their wounds and diſtempers. And her charity herein was ſo famous, that not only neighbors, but ſeveral out of other ſhires, twenty, forty, and more miles diſtant, did reſort unto her to that end, and ſcarce a day paſſed iu which many did not come, ſometimes more than threeſcore have been counted in one day and to every one that came beſides advice and medicines if the matter did require it, ſhe uſually gave ſome almes in money if they were poor, as many were." This trait in her character accounts, no doubt, for the appearance of the "Poore Mans Talentt." Indeed, Lodge in the twelfth

chapter remarks—"And God he knowes I reveale them as my laſt Teſtamentt of Love towards yor Ho^{r} and the poores helth which you tender." The Counteſs of Arundel died on April 19th, 1630, having ſurvived her huſband nearly thirty-five years. Her ſon Thomas Earl of Arundel, "diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the reign of Charles the Firſt as a collector of antiquities and works of art."

XXIV. MISCELLANEOUS PIECES. 24 leaves.

MEMOIR

OF

THOMAS LODGE.

F a full and continuous biography of Thomas Lodge could be recovered, it would poſſeſs as much intereſt to a ſtudent of Elizabethan manners and letters as any Memoir that can be imagined. It would combine, in a ſeries of pictures, ſcenes from all the principal conditions of life in that ſtirring and vigorous age. It would introduce us to the ſtately civic life of London City, to Oxford in the firſt glow of humaniſm and liberal thought, to the dawn of profeſſional literature in London, to the life of a ſoldier againſt Spain, to the adventures of a freebooting ſailor on the high ſeas, to the poetry of the age, and then to its ſcience, to the ſtage in London and to the anatomical lecture-room in Avignon, to the humdrum exiſtence of a country practitioner, and to the perilous intrigues of a ſympathiſer with Catholiciſm trembling on the verge of treaſon. Lodge is therefore in many reſpects a typical figure. His genius, from the purely literary point of view, is ſufficiently conſiderable to make him intereſting in himſelf, and to give him a

noticeable preſence in the ſhifting pageant of the times. But what mainly diſtinguiſhes him from four or five other compoſers of delicate lyrics and amorous romances is the length and picturesque variety of his career. Of this career, unhappily, we poſſeſs but the outline. A few dates in wills or at the cloſe of prefaces, a few nimble conjectures, a page of biography in the *Athenæ* of Anthony à Wood, theſe we have to piece together as beſt we may, and to endeavour to recover from them the loſt preſence of a man; nor are we without this conſolation, that, for an Elizabethan poet, LODGE ſtands out before us at laſt with ſome meaſure of diſtinctneſs.

The year of the birth of THOMAS LODGE is a matter of pure conjecture. At the death of his mother in 1579 he was not yet twenty-five, and at the death of his father in 1583 he had almoſt certainly paſſed that age. The various circumſtances of his early career combine to make it probable that he was born in 1557. He was the ſecond ſon of people in affluent circumſtances, his father, Sir Thomas Lodge, a grocer, having been Lord Mayor of London in the plague-year 1563. The poet in after years took care to ſign himſelf "Gentleman," and to hold himſelf a little above the crowd of playwrights. His family pedigree was, or profeſſed to be, an ancient one, and he claimed deſcent from Odoard di Logis, Baron of Wigton in Cumberland, a nobleman of the twelfth century. The poet's mother, Lady Anne Lodge, was the daughter of a previous Lord Mayor of London, Sir William

Laxton, who died before the poet's birth, in 1556; his grandmother, Lady Laxton, who lived to ſee him grown up, ſeems to have ſhown him a particular partiality, and to have ſelected him for preference among her daughter's children, which were ſix in number. According to Wood, THOMAS LODGE made his firſt appearance in Oxford about 1573, "and was afterwards ſervitour or ſcholar under the learned and virtuous Mr. Edward Hobye of Trinity College, where, making early advances, his ingenuity began at firſt to be obſerved by ſeveral of his compoſitions in poetry." This Edward Hobye was perhaps the ſon of that accompliſhed Sir Thomas Hobye, who, a quarter of a century earlier, had Engliſhed the *Courtier* of Count Baldaſſar Caſtilio.

About 1575 there were three diſtinct ſchools or haunts of polite letters in England, each of them ſilent to the world, but each preparing to make itſelf widely felt, and each fitting out ſoldiers for the great conflict of the wits. At the court of Elizabeth, Sidney, Greville and Dyer were turning over the maſterpieces of Greek and Italian literature, and dreaming, at leaſt, of ſome form of ſtately Engliſh emulation. At Cambridge, amid a breathleſs circle of private admirers, Spenſer was teſting his powers of verſification, as yet with little notion of the direction they would ultimately take. At Oxford, when Lodge went up to Trinity, John Lyly had already been four years at Magdalen, and though ſtill only twenty years of age, had attracted conſiderable notice by his neglect of purely academical ſtudies, and by

his proclivities to poetry and romance. Among the youths which were cluſtered around him were George Peele, afterwards a famous playwright, and Abraham Fraunce, a writer of more reputation than merit. Probably in the ſame year which ſaw LODGE's advent at the Univerſity, Thomas Watſon came to Oxford, and joined the *cénacle*. It would be very intereſting to follow the intellectual development of this ſet of Oxford ſtudents, who ſeem, in ſome obſcure way, to have found at Cambridge an ardent friend and adherent in Robert Greene. Their early exerciſes in verſe and proſe have all been loſt, unleſs, indeed, as ſeems not unlikely, ſome portion of Lyly's epoch-making *Euphues* was compoſed before its author took his degree in 1575. LODGE was beyond queſtion deeply influenced by Lyly. To the cloſe of his career his ſtyle continued to be coloured with Euphuiſm, and on two ſeparate occaſions he blazoned the name of Lyly's maſterpiece on a title-page of his own. To his intimacy with Peele he owed, in all probability, his intereſt in the ſtage, and his zeal for the revival of dramatic art; and Watſon, whom he was deſtined to ſurpaſs in every branch of poetry, may have led him firſt in a lyrical direction with his amorous and precocious *Hekatompathia*. His own writings ſhow that he was deeply read in the claſſics, that he had maſtered French, Spaniſh, and Italian, and that he was familiar with all the learned ſubtilties which at that time engaged the leiſure of the Univerſities.

All that we poſitively know of LODGE's Oxford career is that he was at college with Edmund and

Robert Carew, ſons of Lord Hunſdon, and that he remained at Trinity until he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, on the 8th of July, 1577, being then probably twenty years of age. He did not remain at Oxford to take the higher degree of Maſter of Arts; but, returning to London, was admitted, on the 26th of April, 1578, into the Society of Lincoln's Inn. His elder brother, William Lodge, had belonged to the Society, in which his father alſo had held office ſince 1572. In the winter of 1579 he had the misfortune to loſe his mother, Lady Anne Lodge; in the courſe of that year ſhe had drawn out her will, in which ſhe makes particular mention of her ſon Thomas, bequeathing part of her property towards "his finding at his book at Lincoln's Inn," and the reſt to him at the age of twenty-five, with this proviſion, that ſhould he "diſcontinue his ſtudies," and ceaſe to be what "a good ſtudent ought to be," this property ſhould, on his father's deciſion, be divided among his brothers. It is unſafe to argue from this caution that LODGE was already a youth of unſteady character; on the contrary, he muſt have ſhown particular powers of intelligence to be thus ſelected among ſix children as his mother's ſole legatee. There was probably ſome underſtanding on this point entered into between the father and mother, for in Sir Thomas Lodge's will the five other children are provided for, but the poet is not mentioned. It was perhaps recogniſed that Thomas had already received his ſhare of the family eſtate direct from his mother.

The death of his mother ſeems to have been the occaſion of his firſt eſſay in publication. *An Epitaph of the Lady Anne Lodge* was licenſed on the 23rd of December, 1579, and the name of its author was entered as "T. Lodge." This poem, which was probably an unbound pamphlet, has totally diſappeared. LODGE'S next venture has ſhown more vitality, but cauſed him at the time great diſappointment and vexation. In 1579 the Rev. Stephen Goſſon, a young divine of more effrontery than talent, publiſhed a furious counterblaſt againſt poetry, muſic, and the drama. This volume, which was named *The School of Abuſe*, was in fact a puritanical attempt to nip in the bud the whole new bloſſom of Engliſh literature. It was not inſpired, as the attacks of Jeremy Collier were a century later, by the righteous anger of a not very imaginative man who ſaw the wickedneſs of the ſtage without noticing its poetry; it was merely the ſnarl of a dull cleric who hated all that was urbane and graceful for its own ſake. What was perhaps the ſtrangeſt thing about it was that it abuſed poetry, and muſic, and ſtage-plays before theſe things had really began to exiſt in England, ſo that its author was forced, in the abſence of actual foes, to fight with ſuch phantoms of literature as Webbe and Puttenham. *The School of Abuſe* had hardly been publiſhed when the *Shepherd's Calendar* appeared, and demonſtrated its abſurdity. Young THOMAS LODGE had the want of wiſdom to fly in defence of the fine arts againſt this lumbering opponent, and to pit his Oxford rhetoric againſt the

apparatus of a profeſſed pedant. A much greater honour, and a much more complete diſaſter, awaited Goſſon in the fact that Sir Philip Sidney was about to deign to anſwer his attack on the arts in his final *Apology for Poetry*. This latter work, not printed till 1595, was written in the autumn of 1581. It was probably about a year earlier that LODGE wrote and hurried through the preſs his reply to Goſſon. Of this reply only two copies have come down to us, each in a mutilated condition, without title-page or introduction. There ſeems to have been a refuſal of publication, for LODGE himſelf ſays, in his preface to the *Alarum againſt Uſurers*, in 1584:—

"About three years ago, one Stephen Goſſon publiſhed a book, intitled *The School of Abuſe*, in which, having eſcaped in many and ſundry concluſions, I, as the occaſion then fitted me, ſhaped him ſuch an anſwer as beſeemed his diſcourſe, which by reaſon of the ſlenderneſs of the ſubject, becauſe it was in defence of plays and play-makers, the godly and reverend, that had to deal in the cauſe, miſliking it, forbad the publiſhing, notwithſtanding he, coming by a private imperfect copy, about two years ſince, made a reply."

LODGE'S *Defence of Poetry* need not detain us long. It is a production of the old inflated type, without a touch of modern freſhneſs, full of pompous and only too probably ſpurious alluſions to the claſſics, vague, wordy, and, in its temper, offenſive. The author's opponent is "ſhamleſs Goſſon," a "hypocrite," a "monſtrous chicken without head," and is addreſſed throughout with unmeaſured and voluble contempt. The whole tract conſiſts, as we poſſeſs it, of only

twenty-four leaves, and within this ſmall compaſs all the arts are defended from their clerical aſſailant. It is illuſtrative of the poverty of native literature in 1579, that not a ſingle poem or play in the Engliſh language is quoted or referred to. That the little tract ſhould have been ſuppreſſed is unaccountable, yet not more ſo than ſuch an act of purpoſeleſs tyranny as the extinction of Drayton's *Harmony of the Church* ten years later. We know too little of the circumſtances attending the cenſorſhip of the preſs under Elizabeth to hazard a conjecture regarding its mode of operation.

During the next few years we have great difficulty in following LODGE'S fortunes. According to our conjecture that he was born in 1557, he muſt have inherited his mother's fortune in 1582, ſince it was to paſs to him when he reached the age of twenty-five. It is poſſible that before this he had become alienated from his family, and had even ſuffered poverty. In 1581 LODGE reviſed for the preſs, and iſſued with a commendatory poem of his own, Barnaby Rich's romance of *Don Simonides*. In this poem he ſpeaks of his muſe as dulled by his "long diſtreſs," and remarks that "a dolefull dump pulls back my pleaſant vein." I confeſs that theſe phraſes ſeem to me to ſuggeſt illneſs rather than material ill-fortune, and I think that this view is juſtified by the famous phraſe of Stephen Goſſon, who, returning to the attack in 1582, ſpoke of LODGE as "hunted by the heavy hand of God, and become little better than a vagrant, looſer than liberty, lighter than vanity

itſelf." Here, I think, we may perceive a mixture of fact and ſuppoſition. Goſſon had doubtleſs heard of that "diſtreſs" under which LODGE was labouring, and at once proceeded, in the cowardly manner of diſputants in that age, to exaggerate it to LODGE'S confuſion. Goſſon knew ſo little about his opponent, that he calls him William, ſome copies of *Plays Confuted* containing a ſlip, on which is the word "Thomas," paſted over the "William." Goſſon's teſtimony is of little value, and if we liſten to his vague accuſation, we are no leſs bound to remember that, when LODGE found next occaſion to take up his pen, he denied the charges of Goſſon in a manly and ſtraightforward epiſtle to thoſe who knew him beſt, the Gentlemen of the Inns of Court:—

"You that know me, Gentlemen, can teſtify that neither my life hath been ſo lewd, as that my company was odious, nor my behaviour ſo light, as that it ſhould paſs the limits of modeſty: this notwithſtanding, a licentious Hipponax, neither regarding the aſperity of the laws touching ſlanderous libellers, nor the offspring from whence I came, which is not contemptible, attempted, not only in public and reproachful terms, to condemn me in his writings, but alſo to ſlander me."

LODGE was not ſo vagrant a perſon but that he had married by this time, and in 1583 poſſeſſed property, which he deviſed in his will to his wife Joan, and to his daughter Mary. In December of the ſame year his father, Sir Thomas Lodge, died and was buried at St. Mary, Aldermary, with civic honours. With this event the early career of the poet cloſes, and it is at this point that we muſt refer

once more to the *Alarum againſt Uſurers*, in which a number of paſſages occur which have been ſuppoſed, and not without a ſhow of probability, to be autobiographical. In that work, publiſhed in 1584, LODGE comes before us as a writer poſſeſſing much more command over language than he had diſplayed in his attack on Goſſon. The *Alarum* is a proſe treatiſe againſt "coney-catching," the firſt of a claſs in which Greene, and afterwards Dekker, were to attain a great popularity, in which the temptations and miſeries of London life were painted in gloomy colours, and the reſults of diſſolute living were traded on to produce a literary effect. In LODGE'S caſe it has been taken for granted that the palinode was ſincere and perſonal, and that in this pamphlet he wore the white ſheet publicly for notorious offences of his own. Nothing is more raſh than a ſuppoſition of this ſort, and nothing more dangerous in biographical criticiſm than to identify the literature with the man. LODGE deſcribes a young gentleman from the Univerſity, whoſe mother tenderly cheriſhed him, and whoſe wit was praiſed and his preferment ſecured, until his father brought him to the Inns of Court, where he fell among evil companions, and ſank into giddy and debauched habits. His mother is now dead, his father's allowance to him is inſufficient to meet his expenſes, and he is deeply involved with uſurers. There is no doubt a great temptation to the biographer to diſtribute the incidents of this picturesque ſtudy along the ſcanty lines of LODGE'S own Memoir, but a more careful peruſal of the *Alarum* ſhows the

extreme danger of this courſe. The tract is inſpired, probably, by ſome experience of the evils of which it treats; but it is not poſſible that, if the poet had been notoriouſly an evil-liver of this boiſterous kind, he would have choſen to analyſe his experience in ſo full and open a manner, in a book which bore his name, and which was elaborately dedicated to his colleagues of Lincoln's Inn. It is much more likely that his experience as a lawyer opened up to him the abuſes that he deſcribes, and that the real object of his tract was a diſtinctly philanthropic one, a deſire to bring the ſcandalous tyranny of the money-lenders before the notice of Parliament. Bound up with the *Alarum againſt Uſurers*, in 1584, were two other works of a widely different nature. The *Delectable Hiſtory of Forbonius and Priſceria* is a romance in proſe and verſe, which ſhows that LODGE reſponded with inſtant promptitude to Greene's ſtart-word in *Mamillia* the year before. In theſe florid and cumbrous ſtories the Engliſh novel put forth its firſt bud; it is in theſe imitations of Italian romance that our long ſeries of fiction commences. One or two writers, and particularly Whetſtone in his *Promos and Caſſandra* in 1578, had given a kind of timid ſuggeſtion of a ſtory; but it is Greene to whom the merit is due of firſt writing a book wholly devoted to fictitious adventure in proſe. LODGE, on his ſide, made an improvement on Greene by introducing into *Forbonius and Priſceria* poetical interludes and a ſyſtem of correſpondence in ſonnets, which were immediately adopted by Greene, and bequeathed by him to his imitators.

Hitherto LODGE's achievements in verſe had been ſlight and far from promiſing, but in this book he begins to expreſs himſelf with that mellifluous ſmoothneſs which afterwards characteriſed his poems. The proſe ſtyle of the romance is founded on that of Lyly's *Euphues*, of which LODGE was then, and remained, by far the moſt ſucceſsful adapter. His memory was no leſs well ſtocked, and his fancy no leſs graceful than thoſe of Lyly himſelf, and he added to Lyly's rather cold ethical abſtraction of ſtyle a ſouthern glow of feeling. In *Forbonius and Priſceria*, however, we ſee rather a ſuggeſtion of this latter quality than the preſence of it, and the merits of the romance are negative rather than poſitive. The third diviſion of the volume is the beſt; it is a vigorous ſatirical poem in rime royal, intitled *Truth's Complaint over England.* In accordance with prudence, no leſs than the faſhion of the age, the exact meaning of the ſatire is concealed under an allegorical narrative. Britain is expoſtulated with for her unjuſt madneſs, for her prejudice againſt truth, and for being "hard-hearted, flinty-minded, and bent to abuſe." In the face of LODGE's later relations to the Catholic party, it is difficult to underſtand theſe reproaches, otherwiſe than by ſuppoſing the ſatire to be a prudently concealed proteſt againſt the anti-Romaniſt action of Parliament, and the new ſtringent laws againſt the Jeſuits. To have openly attempted to ſtem the rapidly increaſing flood of prejudice againſt the Papacy would merely have been to endanger the poet's own head, and we muſt ſuppoſe *Truth's Com-*

plaint to have been one more of thoſe cryptic contributions to politics which the Elizabethan poets loved to deviſe, and the only ſatisfaction of which muſt have been the pleaſure of making an oral commentary to private friends.

As far as I am aware, there is no reaſon to ſuppoſe that any earlier edition of LODGE's next work, *Scilla's Metamorphoſis*, than that which we now poſſeſs of 1589, was ever publiſhed. Yet I confeſs I ſhould be little ſurpriſed if it was found to belong rather to 1585 or 1586. It ſeems to me to be a product of the poet's early London life, before the date of his wanderings, and the tone of the preface, no leſs than the ſtyle of the contents bears out this ſuppoſition. It is dedicated, like the *Alarum againſt Uſurers*, to the Gentlemen of the Inns of Court, and the author ſtyles himſelf "of Lincoln's Inn, Gent." The preface, which is written in a cumbrous and affected ſtyle unworthy of LODGE in 1589, complains of the ſpread of poetic compoſition, which enforces him to publiſh his verſes and aſſert his individuality. This petulance may either have been provoked by the ſucceſs of ſuch miſcellanies as Clement Robinſon's *Handful of Pleaſant Delights*, or may be the expreſſion of a paſſing irritation at the ſucceſs of LODGE's perſonal friends, Lyly, Greene, Watſon, and Peele, all of whom had come before the public with ſome prominence during the laſt few years. The rapidity with which Greene, in particular, had poured forth his romances, might well have ſuggeſted to LODGE that "our wits now-a-days are waxed very fruitful, and our pamphleteers more than prodigal;"

and the eaſe and ſkill with which the ſame writer had adopted and enriched that manner in poetry, which LODGE had invented, may have provoked the latter to irritation. *Glaucus and Scilla*, as the poem of *Scilla's Metamorphoſis* is more properly named, was, however, a work in which its author owed little to his predeceſſors, and had nothing to fear from his contemporaries. It is no ſmall merit in LODGE that in this work he was the inventor, or the introducer into Engliſh literature, of a claſs of poem which has thriven amongſt us, and which counts Shakeſpeare, Keats, and even Wordſworth (in *Laodamia*) among its direct cultivators. This was the minor epic in which a claſſical ſubject is treated in a romantic manner. LODGE ſuſtains his theme through nearly 150 ſtanzas, and if his narrative manner leaves much to be deſired, his ſtyle is fluent and coloured, and his fancy is well ſupported. But the great intereſt of this poem, and one which has never fully received the attention it deſerves, is the influence which it had upon the mind of Shakeſpeare. It is not too much to ſay that *Venus and Adonis* is a direct imitation of *Glaucus and Scilla*—an imitation, indeed, which vaſtly outſhines its original, but none the leſs was diſtinctly compoſed in emulation of the older poem. The ſtanza in which the two poems are written is the ſame, and the relation between the volumes of 1589 and 1593 becomes quite ſtartling when we realize that theſe verſes occur in the earlier poem:—

"He that hath ſeen the ſweet Arcadian boy
Wiping the purple from his forced wound,

His pretty tears betokening his annoy,
His ſighs, his cries, his falling on the ground,
The echoes ringing from the rocks his fall,
The trees with tears reporting of his thrall;

"And Venus ſtarting at her love-mate's cry,
Forcing her birds to haſte her chariot on,
And full of grief at laſt with piteous eye,
Seen where all pale with death he lay alone,
Whoſe beauty quailed, as wont the lilies droop,
When waſteful winter winds do make them ſtoop.

"Her dainty hand addreſſed to daw her dear,
Her roſeal lip allied to his pale cheek,
Her ſighes, and then her looks and heavy cheer,
Her bitter threats, and then her paſſions meek;
How on his ſenſeleſs corpſe ſhe lay a-crying,
As if the boy were then but new a-dying."

This is very cloſe to the earlieſt manner of Shakeſpeare; and, if we turn from *Glaucus and Scilla* to *Venus and Adonis*, we ſhall be ſtruck by the reſemblance in many points. There can be no doubt that the young Shakeſpeare borrowed from LODGE his tone, the mincing ſweetneſs of his verſification, and the "precious" uſe of ſuch words as "lily," "purple," "cryſtal," and "primroſe." None of the predeceſſors of the greateſt of our poets had ſo direct an influence upon his early ſtyle as LODGE, and this muſt certainly be accounted not the leaſt of the claims of the latter to our attention.

The remaining poems in the volume of 1589 are worthy of careful examination. A poem "In commendation of a Solitary Life" is a very delicate and

refined compoſition, and one which might be taken as a typical example of the poetry of reflection in the age of Elizabeth. "A Beauty's Lullaby," on the other hand, is confeſſedly a work of the author's youth, and returns to the unwieldy verſification and confuſed volubility of a preceding generation, in which rhetoric had taken the place of fancy. "Sundry ſweet Sonnets," with which the collection cloſes, contain a variety of intereſting lyrical experiments; the little madrigal, beginning "A very Phœnix, in her radiant eyes," and the ſong of which this is a verſe—

> "The birds upon the trees
> Do ſing with pleaſant voices,
> And chant in their degrees
> Their loves and lucky choices,
> When I, whilſt they are ſinging,
> With ſighs mine arms am wringing,"

ſhould be omitted from no anthology of Elizabethan verſe; the ſonnets are moſt of them written in that ſpurious form of ſixteen lines invented by Watſon in his *Hekatompathia*, but in a ſingle inſtance LODGE gives us here a ſonnet of fourteen lines. He founds it, evidently, upon French uſage, for it is in alexandrines. The proper Elizabethan ſonnet had not yet been preſented to the public, though Sidney's had doubtleſs been widely circulated in manuſcript.

The progreſs of poetical taſte was ſo rapid in the ninth decade of the ſixteenth century that we may trace it almoſt year by year. It ſeems to me impoſſible that ſo very intelligent and ſenſitive a poet

as LODGE could have written theſe "Sundry ſweet Sonnets" after Sidney's death in 1586. He might very well publiſh them later, indeed; and yet I feel much inclined to think that *Scilla's Metamorphoſis* was but reprinted in 1589. Of its author's adventures and manner of life between 1584 and 1590 we know only this, that he was engaged in at leaſt one freebooting expedition to Spaniſh waters. In the very intereſting preface to *Roſalynde* he tells us that he accompanied Captain Clarke in an attack upon the Azores and the Canaries. His expreſſions are ſo eloquent, and breathe ſo exactly the grandioſe ſpirit of the age of Elizabeth that we may quote them with advantage. "Having," he ſays to his friend Lord Hunſdon, "with Capt. Clarke made a voyage to the Iſlands of Terceras and the Canaries, to beguile the time with labour, I writ this book, rough, as hatched in the ſtorms of the ocean, and feathered in the ſurges of many perilous ſeas." No account of this particular expedition has been preſerved, and we may believe that it did not materially differ from many others of which a record has been kept by Purchas or Hakluyt.

The romance of *Roſalynde: Euphues' Golden Legacy*, which appeared in 1590, is the next, and by far the moſt important of LODGE's longer productions. "Room," ſays the author, "for a ſoldier and a ſailor, that gives you the fruits of his labours that he wrought in the ocean, when every line was wet with a ſurge, and every humorous paſſion counterchecked with a ſtorm." It is very pleaſant to imagine the

young poet, in the ſame pictureſque dreſs in which his fellow-ſoldiers fought the Spaniſh Armada, ſtretched on the deck of his ſhip while ſhe ſailed under a tropical ſky, and ſetting the amorous paſſions of the Foreſt of Arden to the monotonous muſic of the ocean. But for us the great intereſt of this, the beſt of LODGE's works, conſiſts in the fact that Shakeſpeare borrowed from it the plot of one of the moſt exquiſite of his comedies, *As You Like It*. With the exceptions of Roſalynde herſelf, of Phœbe, and of Adam, the truſty ſervant, Shakeſpeare has altered all the names which LODGE gives to his perſons. Sir John of Bordeaux (Sir Rowland de Bois) has two ſons, Saladyne (Oliver) and Roſader (Orlando); the younger of theſe departs from his brother's houſe in dudgeon, and arrives at the court of Torriſmond, King of France (Frederick), who has baniſhed his brother Geriſmond (the Duke), the rightful monarch, to be an outlaw in the foreſt of Arden. At the uſurper's court Roſader meets the wreſtler Norman (Charles), and challenges him to try a fall in the preſence of Roſalynde and her friend Aliena[1] (Celia), the falſe king's daughter. All then follows as in *As You Like It*, except that there were in LODGE's ſtory no equivalents to Jacques, Touchſtone, and Audrey. We put LODGE at a great diſadvantage when we compare his crude invention with Shakeſpeare's magical inſight and perfect viſion; it is more fair to compare the *Roſalynde* as a ſtory with the

[1] It will be remembered that Celia adopts this name in the foreſt.

tales of LODGE's immediate contemporaries. In it, and in the *Menaphon* of Greene, which was probably written about the ſame time, though publiſhed in 1589, we find the two cotyledons between which ſprang up the ſhoot which has ſpread into the mighty tree of Engliſh fiction. In theſe languid and cumbrous ſtories it may be difficult to trace any promiſe of the ſubtlety of *Far from the Madding Crowd*, or of the vivid realiſm of *A Modern Inſtance*, but the proceſs of evolution which has led from Greene and LODGE to Mr. Hardy and Mr. Howells has been conſiſtent and direct. Already in theſe Euphuiſtic romances we trace in embryo certain qualities which have always been characteriſtic of Anglo-Saxon fiction, a vigorous ideal of conduct, a love of ſtrength and adventure, an almoſt Quixotic reverence for womanhood. Before their time anything like a coherent tale in proſe had been unknown in Engliſh; chronicle-hiſtory had been attempted with occaſional ſucceſs, but not purely imaginative invention. If we compare the *Roſalynde* of LODGE with the *Menaphon*, which is Greene's maſterpiece, we are firſt ſtruck with the ſtrong ſimilarity between the methods of the two friends. They had acted and reacted on each other, until it would be difficult, without much reflection, to be ſure whether one rich dreamy page were the work of Greene or of LODGE. The verſes would always help us to diſcriminate, and by and by we ſhould perceive that in the conduct of his ſtory LODGE is more ſkilful and more buſineſs-like than Greene, who becomes entangled in his own garlands and ara-

beſques. The *Roſalynde* is really very pleaſant reading for its own ſake, and as the author appears to have invented the plot, we may give him credit for having conceived a ſeries of romantic ſituations which Shakeſpeare himſelf was content to accept. The life in the foreſt of Arden is charmingly deſcribed. Shakeſpeare gives us a ſheep-cote, fenced about with olive-trees, but in LODGE the baniſhed king is found feaſting with the outlaws under a grove of lemons, and Roſader, while he reſts from hunting lions with a boar-ſpear, inſcribes his ſonnets on the ſoft bark of a fig-tree. Theſe anachroniſms cannot diſturb thoſe who enter into the ſpirit of either romance. The light which is blown down the deep glades of Arden, and falls lovingly on the groups in their paſtoral maſquerade, is that which never ſhone on ſea or land, but which has coloured the romantic viſion of dreamers ſince the world began. And it is very curious that the generation which ſaw the whole of Europe plunged into civil and international wars, when the roar of cannon became a common ſound in the ears of Chriſtendom, and when the whole religious and ſocial polity of man was undergoing noiſy revolution, ſhould turn with ſpecial fondneſs to the contemplation of Arcadias and Eldorados, out of ſpace, out of time; and that, on the very eve of the Armada, LODGE ſhould have ſailed under the battlements of Terceira with his brain full of Roſader's melancholy amoret in praiſe of beauteous Roſalynde's perfection.

The verſe in the *Roſalynde* demands particular

notice. It is as far ſuperior to the proſe in excellence as LODGE himſelf was to Goſſon or Gabriel Harvey. Such a ſtanza as

> "With orient pearl, with ruby red,
> With marble white, with ſapphire blue,
> Her body every way is fed,
> Yet ſoft in touch and ſweet in view;
> Nature herſelf her ſhape admires,
> The Gods are wounded in her ſight,
> And Love forſakes his heavenly fires,
> And at her eyes his brand doth light,"

and the pieces beginning "Firſt ſhall the heavens want ſtarry light," "Love in my boſom like a bee," and "Turn I my looks unto the ſkies," are of the firſt order of excellence. Nothing ſo fluent, ſo opulent, ſo melodious had up to that time been known in Engliſh lyrical verſe, for we muſt never forget that when theſe exquiſite poems were given to the public, the *Faery Queen* itſelf was not yet circulated. In theſe love-ſongs a note of paſſion, a ſoaring and ſhouting muſic of the lark at heaven's gate, was heard for the firſt time above the ſcholaſtic voices of ſuch artificial poets as Watſon, and for a moment, to an obſervant eye, LODGE might have ſeemed, next after Spenſer, the foremoſt living poet of the Engliſh race. Only, however, for a moment, ſince the vaſter luminary of Shakeſpeare was on the horizon, attended and preceded by Heſper and Phoſphor, Marlowe, with the pride of his youth, and Sidney, with his poſthumous glory. And then the

full morning broke, and LODGE in his ſweet colours of the ſunriſe was ſet aſide, and forgotten in a blaze of daylight.

Something of this muſt have been dimly felt by Greene and LODGE. They did not confeſs that they were ſuperſeded, and from LODGE at leaſt we have no word of petulance at the ſucceſs of younger men. But from this date there is leſs effort made to breaſt the accompliſhment of the age, and we find in both poets a recurrence to the eſtabliſhed forms of their art. Greene, indeed, during the brief remainder of his life, abandoned paſtoral romance in favour of thoſe treatiſes of "coney-catching" of which LODGE had ſet him the example in his *Alarum againſt Uſurers*. That the friendſhip between theſe eminent men had become cloſe we have many evidences. LODGE, who muſt have been reading Ronſard or Baïf, addreſſed an octett in French to Greene in 1589, as an introduction to the *Spaniſh Maſquerado* of the latter poet, in which he addreſſes him as "mon Greene," and "mon doux ami." The ſucceſs of *Roſalynde* in 1590 was inſtant, and this romance continued to be printed for nearly a century. LODGE was encouraged to take up literature as a profeſſion, and his publications during the next five years were very numerous. On the 2nd of May, 1591, he iſſued "from my chamber," preſumably in London, a piece of hack-work, the *Life of Robin the Devil*, a pſeudo-hiſtorical account of the vices, adventures and penitent end of Robert le Diable, firſt, or as LODGE inaccurately ſtates, ſecond Duke of Normandy, whoſe brief career

cloſed on the 2nd of July, 1035, and whoſe eccentric vigour of character had collected a whole train of myths about his memory. This pamphlet was evidently a profeſſional piece of work, but it is very far from being one of LODGE's leſs ſucceſsful pieces. The poems which he ſcattered through its pages diſplay, it is true, much leſs originality and brilliance than thoſe in *Roſalynde*, but the ſtory, ſuch as it is, is well told, and there are proſe paſſages, ſuch as the voluptuous deſcription of the Bower of Editha, which are equal to the beſt which LODGE has left us. It is perhaps not unworthy of remark that it is in this book that we firſt detect that ſympathy with the Catholic creed, and with Roman forms of penitence and ritual, which became more and more marked in LODGE's writings, and which have led to the ſhrewd conjecture that he was already ſecretly a member of the Roman communion.

At the cloſe of *Roſalynde* LODGE promiſed that, if the public encouraged his labours, he would next prepare his *Sailor's Calendar*. This work, which, if it ever appeared, has been hopeleſſly loſt, was probably an account of the author's expedition to the Azores with Capt. Clarke, and would doubtleſs have been rich in ſuch autobiographical touches as we can ill be content to miſs. In October, 1764, there was ſold from the library of Mr. John Hutton, of St. Paul's Churchyard, a black-letter volume by LODGE, entitled *A Spider's Web*, which has not turned up ſince. Several of his exiſting works remain in unique exemplars, and there are, therefore, it is poſſible,

other lacunæ in our liſt of his productions. The next book which comes under our notice is one of the rareſt of all, and its entire diſappearance would denude its author of little of his glory. Before, however, we conſider the *Catharos*, which was apparently publiſhed late in 1591, and during its author's abſence from England, we muſt deal with the circumſtances which led him abroad. Thomas Cavendiſh was a young ſquire of Suffolk, who, upon attaining his majority, had fitted out a ſhip, and had gone with Sir Richard Grenville on a privateering expedition to the Weſt Indies. His courage was extraordinary, his judgment above that of a boy of twenty-one, and his power over men almoſt magical. In July of the following year he ſet out, at his own coſt, on an enterpriſe which greatly impreſſed the imagination of the age, the circumnavigation of the globe, and this he accompliſhed in September, 1588. He ravaged the coaſts of many peaceful and ſavage nations, and returned to England with ſilken ſails and every oſtentation of wealth. So brilliant had been his ſucceſs that he was encouraged, although his conſtitution had ſuffered in his adventures, to undertake a ſtill more important piratical enterpriſe. On the 26th of Auguſt, 1591, "three tall ſhips and two barks," with Thomas Cavendiſh at their head, ſet ſail from Plymouth, bound for the coaſt of China and the Philippine iſlands. Cavendiſh ſailed on board the "Leyceſter," and among the company of gentlemen who manned the ſecond ſhip, the "Deſire," a galleon of 140 tons, in which Cavendiſh had made his previous

voyage, was THOMAS LODGE, the poet, who was now about thirty-four years of age. There may have been in him a hereditary love of this ſpecies of adventure, for his father, the ſober mayor of London city, had in the poet's infancy taken part in a peculiarly infamous expedition of the kind, the voyage of Robert Baker to Guinea, in 1562, with the "Minion" and the "Primroſe." It was in the courſe of this expedition, and of that which followed it in 1563, that the traffic in negro ſlaves was ſet in motion.

It was neceſſary for Cavendiſh to avoid thoſe particular portions of the globe which he had ravaged in his voyage of circumnavigation, and we hear of his landing firſt on the coaſt of Brazil, which he had formerly avoided. He ordered an attack on the town of Santos, while the people were at maſs; the ſurpriſe was accompliſhed, but no uſe was made of the ſucceſs, and the failure of Cavendiſh's judgment was ſoon made apparent. From the 15th of December, to the 22nd of January 1592 the little fleet remained at Santos doing nothing; the captain of the "Roebuck," the third galleon, was told off in command of thoſe who preferred to ſpend this time on ſhore, and LODGE was among the latter. The Engliſhmen took up their abode in the College of the Jeſuits, and LODGE occupied himſelf, as he tells us, among the books in the library of the Fathers. He had by this time, perhaps on one of his previous expeditions, made himſelf maſter of the Spaniſh language. Something which he met with in a book at Santos ſuggeſted to

him the idea which he proceeded to weave into a new romance. Meanwhile the Engliſh fleet were driven from their poſition by want of food, and proceeded down the coaſt of Brazil to the Straits of Magellan. "Here," ſays LODGE, "I had rather will to get my dinner, than to win fame;" and, indeed, a ſpirit of diſſenſion and mutiny began to render life on board the Engliſh ſhips almoſt unbearable. Cavendiſh, who could bear his men through unruffled ſucceſs, but who was too young and too inexperienced for calmneſs in misfortune, ſeems to have loſt his head altogether. The cold was extreme, the ſhips were ſeparated by violent ſtorms, and at laſt Cavendiſh left the "Leyceſter" and came on board the "Deſire," where LODGE was, bitterly denouncing his own men, and refuſing to ſail with them any longer. The officers of the "Deſire" held parley accordingly with thoſe of the "Leyceſter" and Cavendiſh was perſuaded to go back to the latter. LODGE ſeems to have ſhared the common diſlike of Cavendiſh, for in 1596 he ſpeaks of him as one "whoſe memory, if I repent not, I lament not." In the midſt, however, of theſe ſufferings and diſturbances, while they lay ſtorm-bound among the icy cliffs of Patagonia, LODGE occupied himſelf by writing his Arcadian romance of the *Margarite of America*, which he printed four years later. In the preface to that book he ſays:—"Touching the place where I wrote this, it was in thoſe Straits chriſtened by Magellan; in which place to the ſouthward many wondrous Iſles, many ſtrange fiſhes, many monſtrous Patagoñes, withdrew my ſenſes: briefly, many bitter

and extreme froſts at midſummer continually clothe and clad the diſcomfortable mountains; ſo that there was great wonder in the place wherein I writ this, ſo likewiſe might it be marvelled, that in ſuch ſcanty fare, ſuch cauſes of fear, ſo mighty diſcouragements, and ſo many croſſes, I ſhould deſerve to eternize anything." The weary months ſpent to no purpoſe within the Antarctic Circle muſt have fretted the ſpirits of all the companions of Cavendiſh. At laſt it ſeems to have become plain to them that autumn was coming on, and that they would not get through to the Pacific at all. The "Deſire" ſet off alone on her return voyage, and LODGE, if he was ſtill on board of her, landed, after diſappointment, ſuffering, and almoſt ſtarvation, on the coaſt of Ireland, on the 11th of June, 1593. The crew of the ſhip had been reduced to ſixteen, and of theſe only five were in tolerable health. Cavendiſh himſelf died of a broken heart, at the age of twenty-nine, before he completed what Purchas calls "that diſmal and fated voyage, in which he conſummated his earthly peregrinations."

This voyage appears to have cured LODGE of all his youthful vivacity, although his wandering ſpirit ſoon broke out again. During his abſence of twenty-two months great changes had occurred. Three of thoſe poets with whoſe names his had been moſt cloſely united had died during that interval; theſe were Watſon, Greene, and Marlowe. But he found that his memory had been ſupported during his abſence, in one caſe, certainly, by a friend whom he ſhould never ſee again. In 1591, immediately after his

departure, had been publiſhed his *Catharos*, or, as the ſub-title names it, *A Nettle for Nice Noſes*. This has become one of the rareſt, and muſt always have been one of the moſt inſignificant of his productions. Three friends, Diogenes, Philoplutos, and Coſmoſophos, whoſe names bewray their didactic purpoſe, carry on a dreary dialogue on the ſubject of the ſeven deadly ſins as they are practiſed in Athens, or rather London. Diogenes is a cynic moraliſt, who claims that his own life is καθαρὸς, *pure*, and who bitterly reflects on the conduct of his fellow-citizens. The *Nettle for Nice Noſes* has no literary merit; it is an early example of the rabid and pedantic proſe ſatire of the Elizabethan age, a ſtyle of cheap literature which pandered to the reſpectable lower middle claſs, and foſtered its prejudices. Here and there we find a touch of LODGE'S eloquent Euphuiſm, but as a whole this is among the tameſt of his books. Infinitely better and more characteriſtic is the romance of *Euphues' Shadow*, which appeared the following year, and the editing of which was one of the laſt performances on earth of Robert Greene. LODGE, as appears from the preface, wrote from America to Greene, begging him to ſee this book through the preſs and to ſelect a patron. The title of the romance directly recalls the famous work of Lyly, and it is in *Euphues' Shadow* that LODGE comes neareſt to his great precurſor. Thoſe far-fetched references to the claſſics, thoſe applications to man's eſtate of a fabulous zoology and botany, thoſe involved and ſonorous ſentences, each a very microcoſm in itſelf, all theſe

features of Lyly's extraordinary ſtyle are reproduced by LODGE with the moſt ſtartling preciſion. We have the beaſt Varius, with his rich ſkin but rank fleſh, the bird Struchio, the populous and pompous city of Paſan, the horn of the ſerpent Ceraſtes, the virtues of the herb Abrotamum, almoſt before we have fairly ſtarted in the ſtory; and the manner of Lyly is caught with ſingular art and preciſion. Probably this was done on purpoſe, for it is certain that after a few pages the author becomes weary of this antithetical apparatus and panoply of examples, and ſinks to the rich, eaſy ſtyle that was native to him. The lyrics, which are more ſparſely than uſual ſcattered over the pages of this romance, are not in LODGE's brighteſt vein, and no one of them would be ſelected as among his moſt characteriſtic pieces.

It is probable that both of LODGE's ſurviving plays were firſt acted during his abſence from England. We know that this was the caſe with *A Looking Glaſs for London and England*, in which Greene had been his collaborator. This drama was performed by Lord Strange's ſervants on the 8th and 27th of March, 1592, and again on the 19th of April and the 7th of June of the ſame year. A paſſage of Greene's poſthumous *Groat's Worth of Wit* has been raſhly conſidered to refer unqueſtionably to LODGE. After exhorting Marlowe, Greene proceeds: "With thee I join young Juvenal, that biting ſatiriſt, that laſtly with me together writ a comedy." It is perhaps not much to the point that the *Looking Glaſs* is not a comedy at all, but a tragedy; but it is almoſt

certain that when Juvenal is mentioned Naſh is always meant. Naſh had made himſelf many enemies by his paſquils, and was widely known, which LODGE was not, as a "biting ſatiriſt." It is poſſible that Naſh may have aſſiſted Greene in writing his *George a Greene*, or in compoſing ſome other comedy which no longer exiſts. At all events, our deſire to clutch at every ſhred of biographical alluſion muſt not blind us to the fact that by Juvenal Greene can hardly have intended LODGE, or any one but Naſh. In a tract printed in 1867, Dr. C. M. Ingleby carefully ſifted and collated all the evidence for the popular aſſumption that LODGE was himſelf a player, and he ſhowed it to reſt upon abſolutely no baſis at all. That ſomebody called Lodge failed to pay his tailor's bill, and left Henſlowe reſponſible for the debt, is one of those tantaliſing little facts which may mean everything or nothing, and upon which it is exceedingly dangerous to dogmatiſe. LODGE had certainly very little dramatic faculty, and there is no evidence to ſhow that at any period of his life he tried to eke out this talent by actual ſtage experience. Of his two plays, the *Looking Glaſs for England and London* is by far the more intereſting. It is very primitive in form; the ſerious part of the plot deals with the arrogance and licence of Raſni, King of Aſſyria. Neither in manner nor in metrical peculiarity are theſe deſcriptions of the pride of Niniveh like anything elſe to be found in the works of Greene or LODGE. Whichever of them wrote the opening ſcenes of the *Looking Glaſs* was freſh from witneſſing

the performance of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine the Great*, and was anxious to outdo the young maſter himſelf in the "ſwelling bombaſt of bragging blank verſe." It is probably LODGE to whom we owe the rant of theſe "drumming decaſyllabons," which occaſionally ſoften to a richneſs which reminds us of the lyrics in *Roſalynde*. This is the language in which the King of Cicilia thinks fit to deſcribe King Raſni:—

> "If lovely ſhape, feature by nature's ſkill
> Paſſing in beauty fair Endymion's,
> That Luna wrapped within her ſnowy breaſts,
> Or that ſweet boy that wrought bright Venus bane,
> Transformed into a purple hyacinth,
> If beauty nonpareil in excellence
> May make a king match with the Gods in gree,
> Raſni is God on earth, and none but he."

Unfortunately, although the authors of the *Looking Glaſs* borrowed from Marlowe ſomething of his boiſterous muſic and his high key of paſſion, they poſſeſſed none of his ſounder dramatic qualities. The piece is a ſtrange old-faſhioned farrago of bombaſt and ſatire; when Raſni and the Ninivites are not mouthing, low comic perſonages in the ſtreets of London are talking Elizabethan ſlang. A certain Oſias ſerves as chorus, and ſhifts the clumſy ſcenes. Jonas is thrown ſtraight out of the mouth of the whale on to the ſtage, and the vengeance of heaven falls on Niniveh with a groteſque attempt at realiſm. Yet poor as is the *Looking Glaſs*, it is a better play than LODGE's ſole unaſſiſted effort at dramatic compoſition, *The Wounds of Civil War*, firſt printed in 1594.

The dull and tame ſcenes of this hiſtorical play, in which there is hardly an attempt at action, and where there is even a melancholy abſence of rant, hardly allow themſelves to be read. At one point LODGE remembers who he is, and Marius, in exile on the Numidian mountains, recites with great ſatisfaction a ſonnet and a long madrigal, like thoſe carved on the trees of Arden by Roſader and Montanus. It may be ſaid that there is no female character in *The Wounds of Civil War*, for though Cornelia and Fulvia croſs the ſtage, and then at the cloſe recroſs it, they have no further buſineſs to perform. The play contains its ſole hiſtorical intereſt in the fact that it was the precurſor of thoſe tragedies of Roman hiſtory which form ſo ſplendid a part of the repertory of Shakeſpeare and Ben Jonſon.

During 1593, the year of his return from South America, LODGE'S pen was particularly active. It is probable that he reſumed his legal connection, for, on the title-page of his *Life and Death of William Longbeard*, he once more ſtyles himſelf "of Lincoln's Inn." This tract is a pſeudo-hiſtorical romance of the ſame kind as LODGE'S previous *Robert the Devil*, but more haſtily put together, and eked out with a variety of ſhort ſtories about famous pirates, and the melancholy fates of learned men. The tale which gives its name to the volume is adorned by a variety of odes and ſonnets, which are pretty in themſelves, but prepoſterouſly out of place in ſuch a proſaic narrative of crime and its reward. LODGE was better occupied during the ſame year by contributing lyrics to the

miſcellany called *The Phœnix Neſt*, which was printed by John Jackſon, and nominally edited by a certain R. S. In the induction to his next publication, *Phillis*, LODGE ſeems to claim for himſelf the reſponſibility of the *Phœnix Neſt*, in which we find no leſs than thirteen of his pieces which occur nowhere elſe. *Phillis* itſelf, however, is a far more important publication than either of theſe. It is, in fact, from a critical point of view, the beſt of all LODGE'S works, *Roſalynde* excepted. Among the cycles of Elizabethan ſonnets it takes an early place, being preceded by Sidney's *Stella*, Daniel's *Delia*, and Conſtable's *Diana*, and accompanied by Barnaby Barnes' *Parthenope*, and Watſon's poſthumous *Tears of Fancy*. LODGE'S ſonnets are particularly rich in ſingle lines, ſuch as :—

"The falling fountains from the mountains falling,"

and in ſhort paſſages of extraordinary felicity, ſuch as :—

"The rumour runs that here in Iſis ſwim
Such ſtately ſwans, ſo confident in dying,
That when they feel themſelves near Lethe's brim
They ſing their fatal dirge when death is nighing;
And I, like theſe, that feel my wounds are mortal,
Contented die for her whom I adore,
And in my joyful hymns do ſtill exhort all
To die for ſuch a ſaint, or love no more."

But it is rare to find a ſonnet which preſerves this level of excellence throughout. That beginning

"How languiſheth the primroſe of Love's garden,"

has found its way into the anthologies, and

"I wrote in Myrrha's bark, and as I wrote,"

with its beautiful pine-wood ſcenery, is almoſt as worthy of popularity. The uſe of the double rhyme gives a unique ſweetneſs to many of LODGE's ſonnets, and in almoſt all of them, even where the conſtruction is moſt lax and the ſenſe moſt obſcure, the diction is particularly rich. The volume contains, beſides ſonnets, ſome of LODGE's beſt ſongs and lyrics, in particular "Love guides the roſes of thy lips," "My Phillis hath the morning ſun," and "My matchleſs miſtreſs, whoſe delicious eyes," each of which might be quoted as a type of the exotic poetry of the age. The whole book was dedicated to Lady Shrewſbury. It cloſes with a long, dreary, and exceſſively obſcure elegiac poem called "The Complaint of Elſtred," which may have given Shakeſpeare a faint ſuggeſtion of the form of his *Lover's Complaint*, and which tells thoſe hiſtories of Locrine and Sabrina, which were dramatiſed two years after with the aſſumption of Shakeſpeare's name, and in a ſubſequent generation occupied the attention of Milton.

When Joſeph Hall brought out his *Virgidemiarum* in 1597, and boaſted with youthful braggadocio—

> "follow me who liſt
> And be the ſecond Engliſh ſatiriſt,"

he forgot or neglected to remind his readers that LODGE had, in 1595, publiſhed in his *Fig for Momus* four or five ſatires which led the way for future eſſays in this vein ſo diſtinctly that to overlook them was an act of bad faith or of bad hiſtory. This was another caſe in which LODGE ſet a faſhion which has been

followed by every Engliſh writer of the ſame kind. The ſatire in heroic couplets has paſſed from LODGE through Hall, Donne, Dryden, Pope, Churchill, Crabbe, and Byron, to ſuch rare later efforts as have been eſſayed, without any change of outward form, and LODGE deſerves the credit of his diſcovery. His ſatires ſeem to have attracted no notice in his own age, for he was never encouraged to print that "whole centon of them," which, he says, were in his poſſeſſion. The *Fig for Momus*, which was ſent out to the world on the 6th of May, 1595, was in ſeveral ways a tentative volume. LODGE proved himſelf an innovator again by publiſhing in it, for the firſt time in Engliſh, epiſtles in verſe to private perſons, founded in form upon thoſe of Horace. Of theſe epiſtles ſeveral addreſs private perſons in terms of friendſhip. One to Michael Drayton, to whom an eclogue in the ſame volume is inſcribed under the pſeudonym of Rowland, ſhows the exiſtence of an intimate affection between LODGE and the young author of *Idea*, and is an early teſtimony to the dignified eſteem with which Drayton was regarded by his contemporaries. An eclogue in the *Fig for Momus* is dedicated to Samuel Daniel, an Oxford man who had gone up to Magdalen after LODGE'S time, and who had lately made himſelf noticeable for a very pure and intelligent vein of reflective poetry. Daniel and Drayton were men of the beſt claſs, gentlemen who held themſelves aloof from the vulgar ſtruggle of the wits, and it is ſignificant that they, and no longer the rough ſort of profeſſional pamphleteers, ſhould appear as LODGE'S

friends and aſſociates. He was now approaching the age of forty; the new canons of literary taſte which he had been among the firſt to inſtitute, were now being adopted by authors of far greater power and freſhness than he. Shakeſpeare was in motion; the riotous crew of the dramatiſts were lifting up their voices, and LODGE breathed along his oaten flute with leſs confidence, and betrayed a certain growing agitation year by year. The *Fig for Momus* marks his lateſt appearance as a poet, ſince the ſonnets of the *Margarite of America* certainly, and thoſe publiſhed in *England's Helicon* probably, were the work of ſeveral years prior to their publication. LODGE's ſatires, eclogues, and epiſtles are very monotonous in ſtyle, and do not command attention by their vigour or conciſion. The thought is rarely bright enough, or the expreſſion nervous enough to demand definite praiſe. The beſt that can be ſaid of them is that they are lucid and Horatian, eſcaping the faults of thoſe ſucceeding ſatiriſts who thought themſelves tame unleſs they took Perſius, or even, perhaps, Lycophron, as the model of their obſcurity.

In 1596 LODGE's activity as an original writer culminated, and practically cloſed. We poſſeſs no leſs than four diſtinct volumes publiſhed by him in that year. On the 15th of April he gave to the world his proſe diſquiſition of *The Devil Conjured.* It is a tedious ſoliloquy on virtue, put into the mouth of a "virtuous and ſolitary Hermit called Anthony," and bears a ſort of whimſical reſemblance in its conception, though certainly none in its execution, to the *Ten-*

tation de St. Antoine of Guſtave Flaubert. The author himſelf thought highly of this performance, and even went ſo far as to contemptuouſly deſcribe his former poems and romances as mere corncockles, while this was the real wheat of his brain. The preface, indeed, is a palinode; there can be little doubt that he had now taken religion, and that his early amorous writings, though always innocent enough, ſeemed to him to call for penitence. It appears from the dedication to Sir John Forteſcue, that LODGE was now ſuffering from miſreports, and it is probable that he was already ſuſpected of being a Catholic. This element in his nature is ſtill more apparent, though yet not openly avowed, in *Wit's Miſery and the World's Madneſs*, another proſe diſquiſition, of a pſeudo-philoſophical kind, which he iſſued from his houſe at Low Leyton, on 5th of November of the ſame year, 1596. The LODGE family had always been aſſociated, more or leſs vaguely, with this village, which lies in the Hundred of Becontree, in Eſſex, about ſix miles to the north-eaſt of London. The meſſuage or farm of Malmaynes, in the ſame hundred, was originally given by Lady Lodge in her will to her ſon THOMAS, but the gift is ſet aſide in a codicil, and certain lands on the borders of Suffolk and Eſſex, at or near Nayland, are bequeathed to the poet inſtead. Sir Thomas Lodge's houſe, however, had been at or near Low Leyton, and it may be conjectured that by ſome means or other his ſecond ſon had come into poſſeſſion of it. By this time, it would ſeem, LODGE'S firſt wife was dead, and he had married

Mrs. Jane Albridge (or Aldred), a widow lady, a Catholic, whoſe firſt huſband had been a dependent of LODGE's early patron, Sir Francis Walſingham, and who had herſelf been uſeful to the Catholics at Rome and other places in the days of their darkeſt perſecution. The future Mrs. Lodge has retained a minute niche in hiſtory as a cat's-paw in the hands of the detractors of the Earl of Arundel during his impriſonment in the Tower in 1586. Bearing theſe circumſtances in mind, it is by no means extraordinary that a leaning towards Catholic pſychology of the more obvious kind, ſuch as we find it expreſſed in the *Devil Conjured* and in *Wits' Miſery and the World's Madneſs*, ſhould have taken the form of direct Romaniſm in the "*Proſopopeia*, or Tears of the Holy, Bleſſed, and Sanctified Mary, the Mother of God." It has been doubted, I cannot conceive upon what grounds, that this little treatiſe, although ſigned with the familiar letters T. L., is actually by our THOMAS LODGE. It is true that in two copies theſe initials have been reverſed by the printer, but, in my opinion, the ſtyle of the text is ſufficient to demonſtrate that this is one of LODGE's genuine tracts, and the open profeſſion of Catholic doctrine is no more than what we have been gradually prepared for by the whole tenor of the poet's career. If there is any cauſe for aſtoniſhment, it is that LODGE ſhould have ventured to come forward under ſo thin a diſguiſe, at a time when it was ſtill dangerous to avow diſſent from the Church of England.

In the midſt of this buſy year, 1596, and in ſpite

of all his denunciation of his early amatory writings, LODGE bethought him of the romance which he had compoſed in the Straits of Magellan in the winter of 1592, and he publiſhed it on the 4th of May under the title of *A Margarite of America.* This is one of the prettieſt of his ſtories. It has abſolutely nothing to do with America, ſave the accident of its compoſition there; it is a tragical narrative of the loves of Arſadachas, ſon and heir to the Emperor of Cuſco, and Margarita, whoſe father was King of Muſcovy, and who dwelt in a fortreſs "ſituate by a gracious and ſilver-floating river, environed with curious planted trees to miniſter ſhade and ſweet-ſmelling flowers." LODGE has expended his richeſt fancy on this work; the heroine's father cannot be murdered in his bed, but that this article of furniture is deſcribed as of black ebony, ſet about with rubies and carbuncles; the lady herſelf, ſummoned to her fate, pauſes that ſhe may decently array herſelf in a graſſ-green robe, embroidered with daiſies; and if a political meeting is to be held by the nobles of Cuſco, it has to be arranged in "a fair arbour, covered with roſes and honeyſuckles, paved with camomile, pinks, and violets, and guarded with two pretty cryſtal fountains on every ſide." The paſſages of verſe, ſonnets, and canſonets, are of the ſame ſweet and mellifluous order, and recall the interludes of the *Roſalynde.* It does not ſeem to have been obſerved that the elaborate piece beginning—

"With Ganymede now joins the ſhining ſun,"

is an example, the earlieſt in Engliſh literature, of a

ſeſtina formed on the exact plan of that form of verſe, as invented by Arnaut Daniel and employed by Dante. An examination of the length of the lines and of the arrangement of the tornada, ſhows that LODGE was following an Italian, and not a Provençal model. The latter, indeed, he could ſcarcely be expected to meet with. When we except the *Roſalynde* and the *Phillis*, *A Margarite of America* is perhaps the work of LODGE's which will beſt reward the ordinary reader.

LODGE now retired from the profeſſion of poetry, and adopted that of medicine. According to Anthony à Wood, he took his degree of Doctor of Phyſic at Avignon. This muſt have been at leaſt as early as 1600, for in that year certain paſſages from his known poems, were quoted in *England's Parnaſſus* with the attribution "Doctor LODGE." He alſo contributed original poems to *England's Helicon*, a miſcellany of the ſame year. As a phyſician, he rapidly attained a great reputation, and was ranked among the leading Engliſhmen in the profeſſion. On the 25th of October 1602, "THOMAS LODGE, Doctor of Phyſic, of the Univerſity of Avenion," was incorporated in the Univerſity of Oxford. In the ſame year he produced a verſion of the works of Joſephus, which was ſo popular, that between 1602 and 1670 it passed through no fewer than ſeven editions. In 1603, LODGE appeared for the laſt time before the public as an original author, with a *Treatiſe of the Plague*, dedicated to the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London, and applicable to the epidemic at that moment raging

in the City. Contemporary alluſions to him are not rare in the occaſional literature of the early part of the ſeventeenth century. In the firſt act of that curious play *The Return from Parnaſſus*, which, though not printed until 1606, was acted in 1602, LODGE is thus referred to as a phyſician and as a Euphuiſt:—

> "For Lodge and Watſon, men of ſome deſert,
> Yet ſubject to a critic's marginal;
> Lodge for his oar in ev'ry paper boat,
> He that turns over Galen ev'ry day,
> To ſit and ſimper 'Euphues Legacy.'"

In a MS. "Poetical Common Place Book of a Cambridge Student," which was perhaps begun in 1611, there is a coarſe ſatirical piece againſt "London Phyſicians," in which LODGE is thus mentioned :—

> "And old Doctor LODGE,
> That leaues of to doge,
> Will you neuer leaue?"

This not very intelligible apoſtrophe poſſibly points to the fact that in ſpite of his reputation—and in his *Troia Britanica*, in 1609, Heywood had given him a place among the ſix moſt famous Engliſh doctors —LODGE was occaſionally put to great ſtraits for a livelihood. In the meantime we may be allowed to print for the firſt time a letter which exiſts among the Domeſtic State Papers, and which reveals ſomething of the intrigues in which LODGE and his Catholic wife were unqueſtionably engaged :—

"Sr, havinge mett wth ſo convenient a meſſenger I cannot but congratulate yor departure hence to liue in ſuch con-

tentment as their I heare you doe. wch as I wiſh more and more to increaſe ſo doubt I not but that you will alwayes be mindefull of ye well wiſſhinge frendes you have left behinde you. In my laſt lettre to you, I requeſted that Mrs Lodge might haue continued heare at leaſte for ſome ſix or ſeaven monethes but ſithence that tyme havinge bin at the Moſcovia houſe and not findinge that her ſtay heare might doe me the good I expected and that I hould it no reaſonable requeſt ſo longe to diſjoyne man and wief I leave the orderinge of yt buſines to yor owne further conſideracōn. Wiſſhinge that Mr Griffin for that my ſelfe ſhall be often abſent from hence wer fully authorized by a lettre of Attorney from you, to haue the managinge of that buſines from tyme to tyme. And that further you will write yor lettres as occacōn ſhall be offered to the Mr of the company and yor lettres of particular direction to Mr Griffin or others to ſuch effect as I ſhall from tyme to tyme require it. The ſhippinge wch went forth two yeare ſithence is not yet all returned & theirfore no accoumpt paſt as yet of that viage, yet it is proffered that the fiftye pounde may goe in adventure this yeare againe wch argueth that the principall remayneth whole, but yet cannot be gotten out and theirfore I hould it beſt againe to adventure it, and ſo Mrs Lodge in yor abſence hath undertaken to doe. And ſome bodye muſt from tyme to tyme be heare to let the company what they will adventure or els the ſtocke for yt yeare lieth deade. Notwthſtandinge all the difficultyes this age ſeemeth for this prſent to inviron us wth all, yt we ſhall ſtill be hable to drawe breath in England, and I hope ere it be longe to ſee you willinge and deſirous to looke homewarde, for though much hath bin attempted againſt us in parliament yet, hitherto nothinge is done harder then of oulde, nor as I hope will be. I pray you Sr advertize me howe I might place Robin their, and what the charge would be to kepe him at his booke or what you thinke of it, if I could gett him placed

wth Sr Willm Standley, and lett me heare ſometymes from you I pray yow we lye ſtill at or oulde lodginge. And thus wth my hartye commendacōns & my wiues to you wth yor ſervants dutye I ende London this ixth of March 1605.

"Yor lovinge frende

"W. JENISON."

"To the worſhipfull his louinge frende
"Mr Thomas Lodge, Doctor in Phiſicke."

Our next glimpſe of the poet-phyſician ſhows him to us once more ſetting out upon his travels. A memorandum in the Privy Council Regiſters, dated January 10, 1616, mentions "A paſſe for THO. LODGE, Doctor of Phyſic, and Henry Sewell, gent., to travel into the Arch-Duke's Country, to recover ſuch debts as are due unto them there, taking with them two ſervants, and to return agayne in five moneths." It has been ſuggeſted that the real object of his journey was to avoid proceſs on the part of Alleyn, who arreſted LODGE immediately upon his return. LODGE ſeems to have left England again as ſoon as this trouble was over, and to have remained abroad, probably practiſing in the Low Countries until 1619. In his treatiſe called *The Poor Man's Talent*, firſt printed in 1881, he deſcribes a remedy "which," he ſays, "I have often tried in the Royal Hoſpital at Mecklin upon ſoldiers that grew lame by cold."

Of LODGE's remaining years few memorials are in exiſtence. That he was in eaſy circumſtances may be gathered from the fact that in 1612 he raiſed a monument in the Church of Rolleſton, Notts, to the

memory of his younger brother, Nicholas Lodge, lord of that manor, in whoſe will a legacy of two gold bracelets is made to the wife of the poet. In 1614 LODGE publiſhed a tranſlation of the works of Seneca, and a copy of this book is in exiſtence, given by LODGE to Thomas Dekker in the year of publication. About 1623 he compiled *The Poor Man's Talent*, a medical text-book for the uſe of his wife's old patroneſs, Anne, Counteſs of Arundel. In this work LODGE uſes expreſſions which could only proceed from the mouth of a Catholic, and ſuch a phraſe as "I will ſet down a remedy which St. Dominic revealed to a poor devout woman," leave us no room to doubt that by this time, at all events, he had definitely joined that communion to which he had all his life been leaning.

LODGE became a very prominent practitioner during the laſt years of his life. His private houſe was ſtill at Low Leyton, but he ſaw his London patients originally in Warwick Lane, afterwards in Lambert Hill, and finally, ſhortly before his death, in Old Fiſh Street. He died, it is ſaid, of the plague, in 1625, being then in his ſixty-ſeventh or ſixty-eighth year, and on the 12th of October of that year adminiſtration of his effects was granted to his widow, Jane Lodge, who muſt herſelf have been an elderly woman at the time, her name having come forward in connection with the Arundel family juſt forty years before.

THOMAS LODGE was a ſtrange compound of ſtrength and weakneſs, of imitation and originality. His intelligence and activity gave him a prominence in

the literature of the time which his mind was hardly vigorous enough to ſuſtain. He would have, as his ſatiriſt ſays, "his oar in every paper boat," and could not conceive the poſſibility of failing in any department of literature. As a fact, however, he is a ſignal failure in drama, in ſatire, and in philoſophy, and his unſucceſsful efforts in theſe directions occupy a large ſection of his entire works. His almoſt ſervile attitude towards the bold affectations of Lyly would make us at one moment deny LODGE all true originality, if we were not immediately confronted by the fact that he was himſelf a pioneer in half a dozen fields of poetical invention. The introducer into Engliſh of the romantic epic, of the heroic ſatire, and of the heroic epiſtle, cannot be overlooked in any hiſtorical ſummary of our literature. But LODGE'S real excellence is as a lyrical poet, and in the richneſs of his fancy as a proſe romancer. His proſe ſtyle, judged by ſevere modern canons, or even compared with the poetical ſtyle of his own age, is not leſs intolerable than that of moſt of his contemporaries. Engliſh proſe, as an inſtrument for the clear expreſſion of unaffected thought, had hardly begun to exiſt. LODGE'S beſt romances are as lucidly and gracefully written as was at that time poſſible. They never can, however, take again a living place in literature; but this honour muſt not be denied to the beſt of their author's ſongs and ſonnets. In that glowing age no one could expreſs the jubilant extravagance of love with a fuller note, with a more luxurious muſic, with more affluent and redundant

imagery. His intellectual languor prevents the complete, or rather the continuous expreſſion of this golden ecſtacy, and we are often left to wonder that a lyriſt who was ſo thrilling a moment ago can now be ſo inſipid. But in a few of his beſt ſongs he ſuſtains his flight till the muſic is perfect, and in theſe he reaches the topmoſt level of ſucceſs. The author of "Like to the clear in higheſt ſphere," was as genuine a poet as ever breathed, and whether in theſe moments of great inſpiration, or in his hours of langour and extravagance, LODGE is always the very type and exemplar of a man of letters in the irregular and romantic age of Elizabeth.

EDMUND W. GOSSE.

NOTE.

To the courteſy of the Rev. Charles J. Robinſon we owe the communication of this entry, from the Minutes of the Court of the Merchant Taylors' Company, held 23rd March, 157$\frac{9}{1}$:—

"Item the foreſaide M^{r} and Wardens have admitted THOMAS LODGE, fil', Thome L. militis, Edmond Greenock, fil..... G....., Thomas Morgan, fil..... M....., William Widnell, fil, William W., mercator ſciſſor, Robert Smythe, fil, Robert S. Jarrett Keyne, fil, John K., fiſhmonger, Samuel Lane, fil, John L., vintner, are admitted of the number of thoſe l. ſchollars that are limited to be taughte within o^{r} schole."

[The reference is to fifty scholars who were to pay 2s. 6d. a quarter.]

THE

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

THOMAS LODGE

49

GLASGOW:
PRINTED BY ROBERT ANDERSON
22 ANN STREET.

THE

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

THOMAS LODGE

[1580-1623?]

NOW FIRST COLLECTED

VOLUME FIRST

PRINTED FOR THE HUNTERIAN CLUB
MDCCCLXXXIII

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PREFATORY NOTE.

In completing for the Members of the Hunterian Club the firſt collected edition of the Works of Thomas Lodge, the Council begs to thank Mr. S. Christie-Miller and Mr. J. Payne Collier for lending for reproduction or collation the very rare, in ſome caſes unique, originals in their poſſeſſion. A grateful ſenſe of the help which in a ſimilar reſpect the Club received from the late Mr. Henry Huth and the late Mr. Frederic Ouvry, may alſo here be expreſſed.

The principle ſteadily kept in view in the reproduction of the ſeveral pieces now brought together has been to preſerve the appearance and character of the originals, ſo far as could be done with a uniform type. The typographical ornaments, initial letters, and woodcuts have been given in facſimile, while the ſame exactneſs has been followed in the text, which has been rendered page for page, line for line, and word for word. Miſprints have therefore been retained, but the reader will have no difficulty in correcting theſe for himſelf.

Excepting in one caſe, the tracts have all been reprinted from Firſt Editions, which, as a rule, are conſidered by bibliographers more valuable than later impreſſions.

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LODGE tranſlated the Works of Joſephus, Seneca, and a French "Summary" of Du Bartas. His own part in the dedications and addreſſes which accompanied theſe, as well as his contributions to the "Phœnix Neſt," "England's Helicon," and other works, will be found printed with the Miſcellaneous Pieces.

In writing the Memoir it is almoſt needleſs to ſay that Mr. GOSSE was left entirely free to form his own judgment as to LODGE's place in Engliſh literature. The intereſt of the Memoir is enhanced by a few points not hitherto known in LODGE's perſonal hiſtory.

It has not been thought neceſſary to add Notes to the Works of a writer ſo purely literary as LODGE: but the appended Gloſſary will doubtleſs be found helpful in the peruſal of his various pieces, now reprinted uniformly for the firſt time.

As a matter of bibliographical intereſt, it may be ſtated that only Two Hundred copies have been reprinted, excluſively for Members of THE HUNTERIAN CLUB, with Ten additional copies for preſentation by the Council.

GLASGOW, *March*, 1883.

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THE

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

THOMAS LODGE

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THE

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

THOMAS LODGE

[1580-1623?]

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MDCCCLXXXIII

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THE

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OF

THOMAS LODGE

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OF

THOMAS LODGE

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THE

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

THOMAS LODGE

[1580-1623?]

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VOLUME THIRD

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MDCCCLXXXIII

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OF

THOMAS LODGE

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THE

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

THOMAS LODGE

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22 ANN STREET.

THE

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

THOMAS LODGE

[1580-1623?]

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